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I have been thinking
Mrs. A. L. F. G. I. I, these few years
cases, the last letter of the living
mind in the heart of the writer - are
presented as a monument of the love
and the last, to her

Affectionate Friend
E. J. M. McKee

March April 2nd 1864

Mr. Kue.

RESPONSIBILITY AS APPLIED TO THE PROFESSIONS AND
CALLINGS OF DAILY LIFE.

A SERMON

PREACHED IN ORATON HALL, NEWARK, N. J.

BY

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SERMON.

"To every man according to his several ability."—
MATT. XXV : 15.

The leading ideas of the Parable from which these words are taken, are diligence and activity, conscientious and habitual in the stations in which we are placed. Hence it affords to us, in its application to the details of daily life, an inexhaustible fund of instruction and illustration.

It announces to us, clearly and unmistakably, the Law of Human Responsibility to God, the Father Almighty, as the foundation of all our moral and religious duties—a law, which is in the spiritual world what gravitation is in the material world, wide-reaching, all-including, running through the entire universe, as an invisible network of means and ends, of motives and results, of hopes and fears, binding man to man, and all unto God, in relations august and immutable.

To deepen the impression of the parable, to individualize it, to make it to ourselves personal, let us contemplate the law of human responsibility in its bearings on our professions, callings and business. We greatly mistake, I think, in the application of this parable. We do somehow, as we read it, come to connect the idea of accountability with our re-

ligious duties only. If we are active and diligent in works of christian benevolence, and as religious men we fulfil the outward duties of life, we feel as if it were all well with us. It is only, we say, the right use of religious opportunities and gifts—that responsibility is affirmed of in the parable—and for which, retribution or reward awaits us all, in the unfolded solemnities of the future. We forget it belongs to our every day life; we forget that there is a religion of the street, and the shop, and the office, and that, in fact, religion belongs to all we do, and say, and are. Religion is not a dogma. It is not a creed. It is not the Publican's language on Sunday, and the Pharisee's on Monday. It is a life, a sentiment, vital and active, the true life of every true word, and thought, and work.

Every man ought to be a religious man. And every man is, to a certain degree, by his moral constitution, a religious man. He has a conscience; he has a sense of infinity, eternity and a future life. He cannot shake that aside do as he will. What is religion, but the unfolding of those great thoughts in the light of revealed truth, obediently and lovingly, in the man's experience—the binding back again of his soul to God in love and holy trust, from whom, as its true centre of good and blessedness, it has swung loose. But it does not follow, that because a man is not a religious man, after my idea of what religion is, in its outward, or speculative expression, that he is therefore, an irreligious man. But an irreligious man he assuredly is, if he set aside and disobey, in his daily life the fundamental principles of natural and revealed religion. His honesty, integrity, soberness,

and public spirit, if he exhibit these virtues, grow then neither out of the spiritual impulses and instincts of his own nature, nor out of reverence for the revealed will of God, his Creator, but the position, the surrounding influences from without, to which, as a social man, he is subjected. I would say to such a man, you do yourself a wrong. The Gospel addresses your better and higher self. And when you violently cut from about you all its restraints from evil, and all its incentives and inspirations to good, which spring out of an honest reception of its truths, you do violence to your own nature. You wrong your own soul. You cripple and maim its strength and symmetry, as really as you would your body's by the amputation of your hands and feet. Faith in God. The Love of God in Christ. A brave trust in Jesus as the Resurrection and the Life. That is the life and perfection of the soul: the spring of eternal advancement, and without which it has neither beauty, nor symmetry, nor completeness. It is a deformed soul—a moral ruin.

Now we must not confound what becomes us, as immortal men, hastening to the destinies of the eternal hereafter, with mere outward and dramatic religion. The religion that is to fit us for that eternal hereafter, has a wider and more awing significance. It spreads itself, I repeat it, over all we do, think, speak, or desire. It belongs to all the ordinary duties and affairs of life. And such, indeed, is the teaching of this parable.

Every man is a steward. Every lot in life is a stewardship. God is the creator, disposer, and sovereign over all. It is God assigns to every man his

place and station. He gives to every man according to the position he is to occupy, one talent, or two talents, or five talents. To one man He gives genius; to another riches; to another fame; to another stations of trust and authority. And to every man, some one gift, some quality, some social, moral, intellectual, or physical endowment, which, if managed wisely, would be to the man himself, and to all with whom in the network of human relations he is connected, a productive good, and for which, as a steward of the manifold gifts of God, he is accountable.

In the forum of eternal right we are accountable for all we are; for all we do; for all we are entrusted with. This is the doctrine of the parable. To attempt to prove it, would be as useless as to attempt to prove that these lamps light up this hall. We are conscious it is so. Every man carries in his own soul the conviction that the misuse or neglect of any of the gifts of God's providence is followed with regret, loss, shame, and unhappiness. And that too, as naturally, as the oak from the acorn, or the chick from the egg.

But not to deal in generalities, let us come to particulars. Let us consider some of those specific obligations and duties which spring out of the particular and specific stewardships men occupy in the industrial, commercial and professional callings of life.

I. "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread." This is a fundamental law of human society. Man is not a drone or an idler, naturally or constitutionally. The structure of his mind and body alike makes him a worker. His physical and intellectual

powers, as naturally and necessarily put themselves into movement and action as the wind, the wave, and steam do machinery. A law, as impulsive as the law of gravity, or steam, makes man a worker—a voluntary, conscious, active being, putting forth in his sphere, certain endeavors, activities, and influences, which make him a centre of moral and spiritual forces.

The multiplied and ever varying wants of life give rise to trade and commerce, and the exchange of the products of one man's skill and industry for those of another man's. The transfer of the products of one land for those of another land creates commercial enterprise, and manifold forms of industrial endeavor. But, in the complicated workings of the machinery of trade and business, there comes a jar. One man's interest clashes with another man's. This one stops and hinders that one's wheel, or he maliciously lays in the way of his neighbor's prosperity some obstacle, or he puts his hand upon his neighbor's property, or, worse than all, the spirit of Cain enters into his heart, and he lifts his hand against his brother's life, and the voice of blood cries up to God, against him, for vengeance.

It is to make inquest for blood, to defend the right, to punish the wrong, to protect and defend honest men in the quiet possession of their goods, that human laws and human tribunals have been created. And to expound these laws, to settle disputes between man and man, according to justice and equity, the profession of law has been established. And important and responsible is the position of the man who has chosen law as his profession. There are few

men whose influence is more widely felt, for good or evil, in any community, than that of the keen-eyed, sagacious, and practical lawyer.

The moral responsibility of his profession is, I fear, vastly undervalued. It is looked upon far too much in the light of a mere trade, a business, a stepping-stone to political honors, or legislative power, or the accumulation of property. But is this right? Is the profession a mere trade? Is it merely the readiest road to riches? Is there nothing in it sacred, and holy, and awing? There is. The pulpit proclaiming the awards of eternal justice is not more influential over communities, than the bench, the bar, and the jury, those outward and visible embodiments on earth, of that eternal justice, which from the throne of unerring right, awards justice and judgment to every man, *according to his deeds*. If, as a public man, any man in the community ought to be a good man, *the lawyer ought*. Whether he feels it or not he is occupying a stewardship of solemn trust and responsibility. And never can he earn the approval *well done good and faithful servant* till he learns to connect his profession in time with his destiny in eternity, until he learns to reverence principle as something higher than self, and the good of his fellowmen, as the grand office of his profession.

II. Again. With the luxuries of civilized life, the violations of the laws of health, and accidents to which all are liable, come troops of diseases; and the sick bodies and broken limbs, as well as the sick souls of men, need help, and healing. And the physician, and the minister of the gospel, are sent forth among their fellow-men to check the progress of

sickness and sin, to heal the sick, to bind up the broken-hearted, and to carry help and hope to the living and the dying. Their mission is one from which a man may well shrink, it is so weighty and so awing in its interests and results.

He who chooses either of these professions with a spirit wholly interested, and selfish, has stepped on holy ground, with impious feet. He has no just sense of the greatness of his profession. I do not say he will not get rich. I do not say he will not attain to rank and power, and be honored as those are who are wise concerning their own worldly interests. But I do say, he is not a servant of God. He is a servant of self. And though he labor hard and long, and gain what the world calls success, he can never gain *that* which is of infinitely higher moment, even the approval of the Master of life as a good and faithful servant.

I am aware some may object to this expression of what the religion of daily life is. They may say it is not gospel preaching. It is morality. It is the righteousness of the law. I would gladly pass such an objection silently. Still, if there be present one honest hearer that has been abused by the false notion, a man may be a good christian man and yet be wanting, most prodigiously, in conscientiousness in his profession, calling, or trade ; or if there be a truly devout man here who fears that by insisting on honesty, integrity, and conscientiousness of duty and endeavor as needful to spiritual salvation, or that I overlook the way, the truth and the life as it is in Christ Jesus, I say to him, my friend, you do me wrong. You do a wrong to the teachings of the

parable before us. The way to the realm of redeemed humanity is the way of holiness. It is the only way upwards. Jesus Christ came to save us *from our sins, not in our sins*. He died to redeem us from the slavery of selfishness, and wrong, in all their forms.

And where do selfishness and wrong the most powerfully assault us? Where are temptations the rifest? Where are we liable the most to meet the devil and his agents? Where are we the most likely to have our conscientiousness smothered out of our hearts and minds? Nay rather, where are we to exercise ourselves in the virtues of the christian life? Where is our humanity, patience, integrity, forgiveness, charity and faith to be incarnated in action? Where, but in our daily callings, in our worldly employments, in our ordinary transactions and intercourse with others; in our families; in our workshops; in our professions; in the busy, struggling, sinning, sorrowing world around us. It is here we are to take up the cross and follow Christ. He will only become our Saviour, when we become His obedient disciples. Our morality; our uprightness; our goodness, of whatever type it may be, does not, and cannot redeem us. It is all too ragged and soiled to fit us for a realm of sinless perfection. Nothing but personal religion can. The life of Christ must be our life. A man cannot be a saint on the Sabbath and a sinner throughout the week, and yet hope for salvation. It is the spirit with which we do the business of the week, that proves the sincerity of our worship on the Sabbath, and makes or mars our christian character. Nor is there a trade, or a pro-

fession, or an industrial employment of any kind that may not become, if conscientiously conducted, a powerful means of moral and religious culture. Where, I repeat it, are men to learn, sturdily, the virtues of honesty, truth, charity, forgiving of wrongs, and a brave trust in God's providence, but where they have most urgent temptations to dishonesty, to falsehood, to litigations, and the retaliation of wrongs? Where is the lawyer to exercise the lofty virtues of the christian, but in the active duties of his profession; in aiding the wronged, in checking the spirit of revenge, in mediating between parties at variance, in suppressing unrighteous litigation, in quenching rather than blowing the coals of strife, in placing the merits of his cause, not on "quilllets" and "quiddits," not on informalities and professional quirks, but on the immutable and eternal basis of justice and equity, as an upright lawyer and a christian man?

Where, also, is the physician, but in the active duties of his profession to exercise the humanities of his profession, as a christian—in the house where sickness is; in the dwellings of the wretched; among the sons and daughters of affliction, where every eye turns towards him with hope, where every hand offers him a welcome, where all throw themselves with unreserved confidence on his skill, integrity and sympathy? No men should be better men than our lawyers and physicians. They ought to be far up and above the petty quackeries of a mere profession. The one is the expounder of justice, equity, and rights. The other is, under God, the dispenser of health and healing, blessings and joy to our houses and hearts.

All honor to the men of both professions, who are wise and good men, after the model of Him who went about doing good to the souls and bodies of men. All honor to the christian lawyer, who loves right, and truth, and justice, more than he loves money. All honor to the christian physician, who, like Boerhave, and Baron Haller, and Sir Thomas Browne, puts forth his best and strongest efforts for his suffering patient, and with them breathes silently a prayer to the Great Physician for help and the power to heal.

III. There are two more professions I wish to speak of briefly. I refer to those of teachers of youth, and ministers of the gospel.

It is not the mere sharpening of the intellect that is the real and true work of the schoolmaster. He who has no higher end than this has mistaken his vocation. He is a lying prophet. He is a troubler of the land. It is not accomplished forgers, embezzlers of public funds, betrayers of public trust, selfish politicians, and free traders in the prosperity and happiness of the community, that the world needs. It is a rightly educated and disciplined conscience that it needs. It is men—an entire generation, with whom principles, duty, obedience to God, and love to man, are the dominant forces of their daily lives.

The schoolmaster's true vocation, is not merely to instruct the young in the mystery of figures, or the cloudy speculations of Scotch or German schools of philosophy. They are all well enough in their places. But there is something higher, better, and unutterably more valuable. It is the science of self-control. It is the government of temper; a love

and a passion for that which is good, and beautiful, and true; reverence for justice, virtue, integrity, liberty, humanity, and above all, an abiding faith in the goodness and wisdom of an Invisible Presence, every where caring for each and for all men, and spreading over them all the wings of His protective and paternal providence. This is his work. This is his highest office. And in so far as he is faithful, capable, and enthusiastic in his work, in the same proportion he rises as a professional man in dignity and worth. Neither priest, senator, nor king, is his superior. His work is the highest of all work. He has the heart and conscience of the Republic when it is the most mouldable, in his hands and with him it largely depends what shape, or course, they shall take on them. We want men in our schools whose souls are in their profession. Men who feel they are the true instructors of the nation—that its future ministers of religion, its statesmen, orators, magistrates, and heads of families, are in their hands, to be made strong, and brave, and conscientious in the discharge of their duties, as the members of a free, christian country. No man needs higher qualifications for his office than the schoolmaster. No man's work, in its importance and influence, is of a wider reach than his. He who sends out from his class-room a lad smitten with the love of truth, integrity, humanity, and virtue, and an awe and a reverence for God and religion, confers upon his country a higher good than the most eloquent statesman, whose genius and tact, should add to us Cuba on the one side, and the Sandwich Islands on the other. It is not islands and acres that make a state. It is men! And that school-

master has, under God, made a man, who has sent forth from his school a soul, with whom to do RIGHT is a passion.

IV. And what shall we say of the minister of religion—the preacher—the pastor. I know how difficult it is to come up to the high ideal of what he ought to be. Priestcraft teaches that the priest is holy by virtue of his office. But the enlightened christianity of our age teaches us that no man is holy, but by holy deeds and charities, such as liken him to Him who went about doing good. We live in an age, when the duties of practical religion, as Christ taught them, must be spoken out with a boldness, fervor, and holy earnestness no man can gainsay. The world for the last fifteen hundred years has been more sectarianized than it has been christianized. *The truths, hopes, and promises of the gospel are yet to be applied to the social, commercial, industrial, and political evils of society, as their only cure.* The teachers of religion are under the weightiest of all responsibilities so to apply them. And when they do so, unitedly and fearlessly, the church will then be hailed as the light of the world—its true leader and reformer.

V. Yes, it is in the ordinary affairs of life, we are to use the talent of genius, or skill, or position, or authority, or whatever gift we are entrusted with. There can be no divorcement between a man's religion and his daily walk. He is to make the virtues of the christian grow into sturdy habits, by practice, and amidst the conflicts and trials of his integrity learn like seraph Abdiel—to stand faithful among the faithless. We are all responsible, in our several

stations, for the honesty and good faith with which we execute the work God gives us to do, as employers or employed, as buyers, or sellers, as mechanics, and workmen in the great industrial hive of human effort and activity. And he who has bought and sold in the forum of stern honesty; he who has been a faithful workman at the anvil or the work bench; he who has the wisdom and firmness of principle to make the anxieties and temptations of his business the means of strengthening the christian virtues in his soul; the man who has done this, is that good and faithful servant who shall enter into the joy of the Lord and Master of all.

This buying and selling is not a trifling matter. Its moral aspect is a deeply serious one. To one man as he stands behind his desk, it will be the means of invigorating and making robust the ever-present will of his heart to deal honestly. To another, perhaps his neighbor, or his very partner in business it may be, that the most trifling articles of sale, shall fan an ever-lurking, half-smothered self-interest in his soul, until it grows into an unconquerable habit—a sordid passion, that shall again and again crimson conscience with the memory of petty frauds, and smart bargains, and cute deceptions. And suppose a man does daily drive his hard bargains—daily makes his dollar where, in equity, he ought to have made but the half of it—daily overreaches some one, as a wide awake man of business, where do you think, when the Sabbath comes, will be his respect or his fitness for worship? Such a man may, from the hardening force of habit, front his neighbor unshrinkingly, but to lift up his heart and soul, prayerfully, upon his

industry, he cannot; he will not, he dare not. Drunkenness and swearing do not so thoroughly demoralize and belittle the soul, or smother out good healthful truths, as such slow deliberate abuse of one's business or calling.

O let us all beware of the beginnings of evil, let us all, as professional men, as business men, or in whatever station we are placed, act, make our bargains, and go forth to our callings, as though the eye of God was ever looking on, and looking into our inmost soul. And then we can wash our hands in innocency, and so compass His altar in prayer, saying, "Our Father which art in heaven," and kindly, and benignantlly shall His eye rest on us, and He shall bestow upon us, as His obedient children, that highest, best, and most glorious of all blessings—the gift of eternal life, through Him who is the resurrection and the life. And to whom be honor, and dominion, and praise, for ever. Amen.

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SERMON DCXCVI.

BY REV. JOSEPH MCKEE.

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IT IS GOOD FOR A MAN THAT HE BEAR THE YOKE IN HIS YOUTH.

“It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.”—LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH iii. 27.

YES, it is good for a man, that he bear the yoke—bear it always: not in his youth only, but in his manhood, and old age, bear it, and carry it, patiently and cheerfully all his life.

Youth, we will all admit, is the forming period of human character—the time when impulse and restraint—when check and spur—when indolence and effort are most largely influential for good or evil over our future condition and destiny. And yet, it is true, that always, and everywhere, and under all conditions, the will of man must bow to a Higher Will: it must submit itself to an omnipotence mightier than its own. Man must always acknowledge a Law—a Sovereign—a Might and a Right, out of, and above himself, or he fails in the healthful and proper unfolding of his nature: he loses the dignity and nobleness of his humanity. His life and character, without this, take a wrong direction—a twist, a gnarl, a bend, which distorts and deforms both. Man must always be governed and restrained. Look at a child! It has hardly gained strength to erect and hold itself up, before its will expresses itself in actions and wishes which show you *how* much the neck of childhood needs, absolutely needs a yoke, a curb—a rein—a guiding and controlling power to keep that child in the

right way—to check it when it goes wrong, and to discipline it unto subjection to the law of right and duty, rather than the law of self-will and inclination. But does the child outgrow the need of this yoke? Does he not grow stronger, and sturdier, and firmer set in the opposition of his will, to all wholesome advices and restraints? Is not this the natural tendency? And the young man, full of the ardor and impulse characteristic of his age, does he not need a yoke—a disciplinary and controlling power of some kind? Where would his passions, his temper, his appetites, hurry him, blindfold and headlong had he no safeguard—no check or restraint? And the man, the wise, sagacious, practical man, who has outlived the follies and fervors of youth, has he, therefore, outlived the necessity of imposing upon the neck of his inclinations and passions a yoke—a bond—a fastening to hold him to the law of duty, and high and holy endeavor, rather than to the law of self-indulgence and self-interest? And the old man—the very old man—who has passed his seventy or eighty mile-stones on his way to the realm of the dead, will it do for him to throw off the yoke? Is it safe for him to unloose from his neck the reins—to throw off all the restraints human and divine laws impose upon him? If it were safe—if the law of right had become the fixed law of this life—if his steps have been so confirmed in the paths of virtue and piety that they could not stray into wrong or forbidden paths—yet still does the old man need this yoke as much as ever. Does not age, with its infirmities and dependence—with its temptations to complaint and fretfulness—to irritability and impatience, and misanthropy, need the wholesome restraints of the Christian Yoke, to hold it uncomplaining and unmurmuring on its declining way—to keep it calm, and patient, and serene, and hopeful, till the last great change shall come, and death itself shall unloose the yoke.

But need I stop here to argue the truth of the sentiment expressed in the text—that *all men*—but especially the young, do need, imperatively need, some sort of discipline and restraint—some coercion of their own wills—a yoke to bind and fasten their activities and energies in the right line of endeavor—to regulate and restrain all their faculties of thinking, willing, and doing within the right path—the grand highroad of religious duty that leads to God and blessedness. Will not every honest mind acknowledge, and that, too, with a strength of conviction forced from the profoundest depths of self-consciousness, that the human soul is in a disordered, wayward, and fallen state—wrong in all its natural propensities, and passions, and dispositions, and, therefore, unfit to guide and govern itself—unable, without a leader and a guide, *out of itself* to begin or end the journey of life aright.

While man was a sinless being—while he was a dweller beneath the clear sky of Paradise—his faculties did all spontaneously de-

velope themselves, in exact and beautiful harmony with the law of holiness and love, through which God in His beneficence and wisdom works out the happiness of His intelligent creatures throughout the vast universe. But in laying down rules for the conduct of life *now*—in chalking out the course of education and discipline which will best develope his nature—we must never forget that that nature *now*, is nature in its fallen state—a nature inclined to evil—a nature which though upright as God made it, it has by the abuse of its free-agency, by voluntary transgression, ruined and disabled its original powers and capabilities for good—a nature, which though jarred and disordered in all its higher and nobler instincts, still it is a nature which God our Father seeks to restore again unto Himself, and to the dominion of his own most holy law by the discipline of labor, trial, suffering, and the still higher discipline of the cross.

Human life is educational and disciplinary. It is a period of probation and preparation. Nor can we understand all its grand ends and uses, till we have fully grasped the idea of its *why* and *wherefore* upon the earth. Improvement, and not enjoyment, ought to be the end and aim of our lives.

“Life is combat—life is striving,
Such our destiny below!
Like a scythed chariot driving
Through an onward pressing foe,
Deepest sorrow, scorn and trial,
Will but teach us self-denial!
Like the Alchemists of old—
Pass the ore through cleansing fire:
If our spirits would aspire,
To be God’s refined gold.”

Correction, amendment, right moral and spiritual development is the true business, and ought to be the great labor and struggle of our earthly life. Earth, this sin-shadowed earth, is the place for labor and toil. Heaven, the holy and calm heaven, the place for rest and fruition. And he who strives and expects to find rest and enjoyment only in this life, but lays himself to sleep upon a bed of roses, whose thorns will sooner or later pierce him to the quick. Labor, discipline, and the patient wearing of the yoke, is the true way of life—a way whose ending is lost amid the beatitudes and blessedness of heaven. But the human soul prefers to follow its own impulses. It dislikes to submit its own will to any higher will. Subjection is painful to it. Domination, rule and power over others, it delights in. It dislikes obedience. It spurns labor. Wayward, self-loving, and self-willed, it seeks its own, and not that which promotes the happiness of others, or even its own highest ultimate good.

And how shall a young soul, setting forth on the journey of life, be *broken in*—be habituated to bit and bridle, and check—

to the healthful, and wise restraints of virtue and goodness? When shall the taming and training process begin? Can it be commenced and carried forward hopefully, unless it is begun early—begun in youth? With the Prophet, we believe it is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth. Perhaps no greater calamity can befall a young man, than to be *lord of himself*—his own master—to acknowledge no will, no law, no authority, higher or more obligatory than his own. This was one of the main elements of Lord Byron's misfortunes—one of the most productive sources of that waywardness and self-will, which marred and spoiled his whole life. Speaking of Lara, whose father died when he was but a child, he says :

“Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,
 Lord of himself, that heritage of woe,
 That fearful empire which the human breast,
 But holds, to rob the heart within of rest,
 With none to check—and few to point in time
 The thousand paths that slope the way to crime!
 Then, when most required commandment—then—
 Had Lara's daring boyhood govern'd men.
 It skills not—boots not—step by step to trace
 His youth through all the mazes of the race.
 Short was the course its restlessness had run,
 But, long enough, to leave him half undone.”

Now here we have the secret element of all that frowardness which manifested itself in so many ungainly forms in the life and history of that majestic but erring man. And we may lay it down as an axiom that whenever we find a youth restive under wise and just restraints, or irreverent and reckless of the opinion or good feelings of others, there is an obliquity in the moral nature of that youth, that will, sooner or later, unless checked, work out evil and sorrow to himself and others. In Byron's own words, to be *lord of ones-self*—to own no interest, no law and no restraint, but his own self-will—is to a youth, a “heritage of woe.” And hence, indeed, one of the deepest sources of sympathy for the young, who in early life are deprived of a father's wise and kind restraints.

But let us enquire concerning that discipline—that particular and peculiar kind of yoke, that can manage and shape human life and character aright, so as finally to evolve the perfection and symmetry of the soul, bring it ultimately into everlasting harmony with goodness, the end of its creation. Let us begin with the beginning of life and notice in their natural order the several yokes, which all human souls must successively put on and wear, according to their age and condition, before the habits of the soul's life can be permanently conformed to the law of holiness—the law of its happiness.

First, then, the yoke that must be put on the earliest is, the yoke of parental obedience—implicit, unquestioning obedience.

And grievously does that parent sin against God and the soul of the child God has committed to his care, if he neglects to enforce daily and habitually this great law of his child's social and moral welfare. Is it not a melancholy sight—indeed, does it not excite one's indignation and pity—when you see, as one often does see, a spoiled and petted child—the little tyrant of the family, governing and ruling both the father and the mother—subjecting them to its capricious will—making them the pitiable slaves of a foolish and mismanaged child—a four or five year old despot! How often do you see a child you could have loved, had it been left unspoiled in the innocence and childish simplicity of its nature, and trained to that teachableness, and obedience, which always mark an interesting and promising childhood. But sit half an hour in that family circle! See how concerned and timidly the mother puts forth her commands, fearful they shall be openly disobeyed and she be put to shame by her young child in the presence of strangers. And mark the egotistic teasing, selfish, obstinate, overbearings of the young one. By turns it is noisy—by turns fretful and sullen—a being, which God gave as a blessing, a light, a very joy to that family home, has by the ill-timed indulgence and mismanagement of its parents, been changed and metamorphosed into a shame and a reproach, and a prophet of future evil to itself and others. Alas! how has the glorious image of God, stamped upon that young child's nature, been defaced by a bad and foolish home training! You can plainly see that instead of the seeds of kindness, gentleness, modesty, and self-control, cast by parental hands into that young soul before you, the dragon's teeth have been sown. You cannot smile upon such a child kindly. You cannot speak to such a child lovingly. Its frowardness and self-will repel you. And when *you*—when others—when patient and painstaking instructors of the young, all turn away with a moral aversion from this unhappy victim of parental mismanagement and folly, who will pity and help it? Who, indeed, will or can? Shall we hope that some kind angel—some unseen, unearthly one, from the realm of the blessed—some guardian genius, such as of old men did believe watched over children and folded around them the wings of protecting love, shall watch and wait, and find some period, some favorable hour, to throw over that young child's nature, the regenerating and renovating forces of a lovelier and more genial life? Shall we dare to hope, that that work which is the father's and mother's work, shall be done by any other than the father's and mother's own hands? Shall we expect the blessing of the God of Families upon that household where the father and the mother, instead of being the priest and priestess of the household, are its victims—where, instead of keeping the yoke of a wise and gentle obedience around the necks of their children, they wear the yoke of a child tyrant around their own? Solemn, indeed, and heavy is the re-

sponsibility of the office of the instructors and educators of the young. Oh! they do need wisdom, and patience, and Divinest sympathy to fit them and sustain them in their toilsome and difficult work. How much of authoritativeness and absolute command must be exercised in that small kingdom, a school-room, where twenty, thirty, forty, or a hundred active and inquisitive young minds are ever on the stretch to know or to do some new thing.

And here, too, the youth who has been trained to habits of docility and submission in the home government of the family, who has worn naturally, and gracefully, and reverently, the yoke of parental authority, is most likely to be benefitted by the efforts of an industrious and conscientious instructor. Oh! how unfit for the relative duties and business of life, is that young man or woman, who in the discipline of the family and the school has never been accustomed to wear the yoke of a dutiful and loving obedience! My young friends—you who are scholars and learners—you who now hear me, let me speak plainly and frankly to you. Is it not better and infinitely more becoming for a manly and noble boy, or a large-hearted and good girl, to say I will reverence and obey my parents; I will look up with respect and confidence to my teachers and parents, whose instructions and advice, if I heed them, can make me wiser and better. Is not this, I ask you, better than to be an obstinate, indocile, and unloveable girl, or a coarse, bold, bad and obstinate boy—the Anarch of the family—gruff and coarse, and unmannerly, mistaking impudence for manliness, and a vulgar swaggering air for the deportment of a gentleman. It is a most common error, and a dangerous one it is, that schools and masters are *the* educators of our youth. Their instructors they are: but their educators in the high, and holy sense of the word they are not. The training of the feet, and of the hands, and of the eye, and the ear, by music masters, and dancing masters, and drawing masters, is not education. The knowledge of the ancient and modern languages, and the sciences and fine arts, as taught by the best and most accomplished instructors is not education. That is something which neither the schools, nor books, nor masters, can give. The body is trained, and in many cases trained well, and so is the intellect. It is plied with tasks, and books, and lectures, and made strong, and sharp, and wise, and fit for the all absorbing ends of life; that is, for buying and selling, and making merchandize, and the accumulation of material good. But where are the professors of benevolence, justice, truth, temperance, humanity, charity, and piety? Where are these accomplishments taught? Who studies them? What are the text books? Where are the institutions and professors of these, of all accomplishments the most exalted, because the divinest? You, my hearers, let me say to you respectfully, who are parents are these professors, and your homes the insti-

tutions where piety, and justice, and benevolence, and humanity are to be taught, not from lectures, and homilies, and catechisms merely, but from the mystic book of your own daily lives. Not in colleges and halls of science, but in your households, you the father and the mother being the educators, and your lives and example the lessons.

But when the young have passed the period of training and tutelage in the family and in the school, have they then done with the yoke? Is it proper for them to cast off all obedience to restraint and authority? Far from it. There come yet harder lessons to be learned—there are severer rules to be obeyed—there is another yoke ready for the neck, and happy is the youth who is ready to bear it patiently and truly. It is the yoke of work, labor, industry—the burden which the occupations and professions of active life impose; and this yoke all must bear, as they value the peace, prosperity, and dignity of their future lives.

There are not, as some persons seem to think, a few favored children of the earth—the destined heirs of good fortune—the hereditary owners of such broad domains and ample resources, that they can afford to make life a long sunny day, an everlasting Saturday, a schoolboy's holiday. If any do have the vanity to live an easy, laborless life, without effort of any kind, without the application of their powers to some good and useful purpose, they soon fall into public contempt and personal littleness, no matter what their surroundings or position may be. Because a young man or a young woman is born to affluence, is that any good reason why he or she should be vain or idle? Is it not, indeed, the very strongest reason why they should strive by energy and perseverance in some noble line of endeavor to build up a personal character, in some degree commensurate with the outward fortunes which the good providence of God has given them to enjoy?

No, my young friends, if you would be truly influential and respected, labor diligently, and with all your skill and might in whatever industrial employment or profession the good providence of God has called you to work. This is duty.* There is true honor and dignity in this. No employment is mean which is honestly and industriously pursued. When the enemies of Epaminondas, one of the most renowned men of his age, appointed him a street scavenger, "*If my office,*" said he, "*will not do me honor, I will do honor to my office.*" And so he did, by the

* Alas! there is a most morbid dislike for work among all classes—and as morbid a wish to be gentlemen. I have seen it stated that recently in Boston, an advertisement for a young man to work in a store, had 18 applicants; while one for a gentleman to travel and play on the banjo received 409. I say work. It is honorable. There is true dignity in it.

conscientious and careful manner in which he discharged its appropriate but humble duties. An industrious man is usually a virtuous man. Hercules was an honest worker. His draining of marshes, and punishment of tyrants, and destruction of serpents and wild beasts, what are they, and the thousand and one fables told of him, but the fact that he was a true benefactor of his race, an improver of the social condition of men. The idler has never yet done any thing for the world's good; and in no one instance has his name, like to Vulcan's, or Hercules', or Orpheus', or Arachnes's been embalmed in mythus. It has rotted from among the memories of the ages. Bear the yoke of labor in your youth. Ours is a work-day world. Its only oasis is the Sabbath. Cherish that. *But work. Work for yourself. Work for your family. Work for the world.*

But you say, I do not know how to begin; I want capital; I want friends; I do not know how, or where, or when to set out, and make a beginning. Well then, these are embarrassing difficulties to be sure. But I do not know that it is right to say it is a hard condition; for this is but another yoke which it is good for a young man to bear in his youth—the yoke of adverse and straitened circumstances and conditions of life, for it is nobler to achieve ones fortunes, with God's good providence aiding, than to inherit them—nobler to acquire energy, and strength, and self-reliance, and manly independence of character by a severe and close combat with the evils and disadvantages of outward social condition, than to run the risk of being enervated and personally insignificant by entire reliance upon friends and influence, and capital which others have accumulated for you.

But when the young have learned the great laws of obedience and industry, is that all? Must the neck still bow itself to receive other yokes or restraints? It must. For men are not only members of families, and workers, and producers, in this great world-hive; but as youth merges into manhood, they become members of states and of civil communities, they become citizens. And now the yoke of subjection to civil authority must be borne with a self-sacrificing and patriotic spirit. But when the family and the school have done their proper and legitimate work, the state finds the majority of her subjects order-loving, obedient, and willing and ready to come up to her help, in maintaining law and order, and the mercantile blessings of peace and good government. But from whence come her outlawed and disobedient children, who crowd her prisons, her jails, and poor-houses, and penitentiaries? Do they not come from disorderly, ill-governed, and mismanaged households—from dwellings where the Sabbath was a weariness, where religion was turned out of doors, where all their members lived as seemed to them best in their own eyes, and their youths were lords of themselves?

But, finally, is this all? Does obedience to parents—respect to instructors—diligence in some honest and useful calling, and loyalty to the State comprehend the whole of our duties as men? Are there no other yokes? Is there any other yoke, the assumption and bearing of which will not afflict and constrain, but set the young man free and lift him up into the full and joyful consciousness of entire personal freedom—perfect emancipation from the power and thralldom of all that is gross, or degrading, or evil in the tendencies of his nature, a perfect freedom to will and to do that which is right, and well-pleasing before God? Yes, there is such a yoke—a yoke worn by devout and good men without irritation, and without constraint—a yoke which is easy, and a burden which is light. *It is the yoke of Christ.* It is the yoke Christ offers to all his true and willing disciples through all the ages. *Wear but that yoke, now, and heaven will be all around you.* It is because men do not wear that yoke, that earth is earth—a low, dark, world of sin and suffering. Oh! glorious, indeed, would this house of our human life be, did we all but live as the children of God; obedient, trustful, fraternal, loving children of the same great household of human souls, bound each to each, and all to God our Father, by the blessed and everlasting bonds of faith and love! Did every man but wear this yoke, its redemption would be achieved. Order and peace, and the holy calm of the holy worlds would fall upon the human race, and earth be but one of the majestic apartments—one of the glorious rooms in our Father's house of many mansions.

Do you ask me what is this yoke of Christ's? I answer. It is the life—the spirit—the temper—the love of Christ. It is humility; it is forbearance; it is faith; it is charity; it is meekness; it is forgiveness: in one word, it is self-consecration—the consecration of your thoughts, your words, your bodies, your entire life unto God, a living sacrifice. This is what Christ your Redeemer, God manifest in the flesh, taught to his disciples and the world. It is the giving up of your will to him who “willed and all things were.” It is the yielding up of your heart to that mighty heart of love, pulsating from the centre to the farthest verge of being; the God who made you, and the throbbings of whose love to you, you may hear in every beat of that heart of yours, and feel it in every generous and uplifting aspiration, that struggles in your soul for utterance and expression. Tell me, my young friend, when is a boy the loveliest? Is it not when confidently and trustful he walks, hand in hand, unquestioningly beneath the care of a wise and loving father, his will resigned to his father's will, his father's smile his joy, his father's word the law of his conduct, his father's life the model of his own. Oh, how happy that boy is! Happy in his father's love, happy in his own obedient, loving spirit. Heaven is all around him, for the heaven of trust and love is within him. And so, too, will it be

with you, if as the children of God's mercy and providence you wear the yoke of obedience to the will of your Father in heaven—if, like Jesus, you strive to do, not your own will, but your Father's will—if like Him you put forth a brave trust in providence—if like Him you grapple with the trials, and toils, and duties of life, as the ordained instruments of spiritual strength and perfection—if like Him, though you could "call down legions of angels," you go calmly to the dungeon, rather than give again blow for blow, or railing for railing, or "controlment for controlment," heaven will be around you, for the heaven of love and trust will be within you. Wear this yoke. Yes, wear it. And the promise is, "you shall find rest unto your souls." Rest then is the reward of wearing it. And what a blessing and what a reward it is! Ask the sick man what it is? Ask the thought-worn scholar, who has toiled till his brain has become hot and his pulse fluttering, what it is? Ask the seaman battling for his life with winds and waves, and the terrible phantoms of death striding along the boiling waters, what it is? Ask the conscience-haunted man—the man around whom the ghosts of remembered wrongs glide awfully silent, ask him what it is? Ah! it is rest—rest the sick man wants—the seaman wants—the sinner wants. It is rest we all want; rest from toil, rest from sin, rest from temptation, rest from the wrongs and evils of others. It is the cry of the human, We are weary! We are burdened! We are unhappy! Rest! Rest! Rest! We want rest! And it is, and it will be the cry of the human, ringing and reëchoing for ever through all realms and through all ages, until it is found in God and obedience to His will. "Bear this yoke," ye youth, "for a while, when you are young, that you may be free when you are old, that you may walk through life unmanacled by passions, unchained by lusts, spurning the lash of Satan, and deriding the bondage of sin, that you may come to that holy and happy land where no yoke is borne, where the souls of just men are illumined with amazing glory, and compassed round about by the holiness of God."* In the language of Gilfillan, in his Third Gallery of Portraits, "Almost all the powers and elements of nature, combine in teaching man the one great simple word, 'bend.' 'Bend!' the winds say it to the tall pines, and they gain the curve of their magnificence by obeying. 'Bend,' gravitation says it to the earth, as she sweeps in her course round the sun, and she knows the whisper of his ruler, and stoops and bows before the skycy blaze. 'Bend,' the proud portals of human knowledge say it to all aspirants; and were it the brow of a Bacon or a Newton, it must in reverence bow. 'Bend,' the doors, the ancient doors of heaven say it in the music of their golden hinges, to all who would pass therein. And the Son of Man Himself, although he could have prayed to

* Sidney Smith.

His Father, and presently obtained twelve legions of angels, had to learn obedience, to suffer, to bow the head, ere as a king of glory He entered in. 'Trust thyself.' No! Christianity says, *mistrust thyself—trust God*. Do thy humble duty, and call the while on the lofty help that is above thee."

May God bless you all, young men,* and help you to wear Christ's yoke which is easy, and to bear his burden which is light.

SERMON DCXCVII.

BY REV. JOSEPH MCKEE,

NEW YORK.

THE LAW OF INFLUENCES.†

"Am I my brother's keeper?"—GENESIS iv. 9.

MAN is a social being. An isolated state is an unnatural state. The life of the solitary and the hermit is a moral solecism in the history of society. We are bound to each other by many a mystic tie. Sever but one of these ties and the soul is unhappy. We can hardly conceive of a more pitiable object, than that of a man who feels himself an outcast from the sympathies and regards of his fellow-men—an outlaw from the love of God and the friendship of men. It is not good for man to be alone. God hath made his human children brethren. He hath made every man his brother's keeper. This is a most cheering and consolatory fact in the moral organization of society, but it is also a fact of the most impressive character. This relationship of soul to soul and heart to heart does involve responsibilities and issues, awing and deep as the depths of eternity.

The moral constitution of man and of human society most impressively tells us, that God will not hold *him* guiltless who worketh injury or hurt to his brother, for though the earth may hide and cover up that wrong, that injury, that evil deed—be it what it may—hide in the deepest depths of secrecy every mark of that deed, yet is there an eye that looketh ever into that man's face, and a voice that ever calls to him, "*Where is thy brother—what hast thou done unto him?*" His sin finds him out. It drags him a guilty, fear-haunted man before the tribunal of immutable and eternal justice. We may not and cannot evade the corresponding obligations, which the moral and social relations that bind us to each other, do impose upon us.

* Preached before the young men of Rev. Dr. Scott's Church, Newark, Nov. 18, 1855.

† Preached in the Allen-street Presbyterian Church, New York, Jan. 20, 1848.

In the struggle of life, the august Ruler and Judge of human actions has linked the great army of humanity shoulder to shoulder, and rank to rank, by mutual helps and mutual wants, so teaching us we should be mutually useful and helpful to each other.

And either helpful or harmful we are. No one stands so completely alone as to be without power over others for good or for bad. And no one stands so far removed from the influence of others, as to receive neither benefit nor injury from their influences over himself. We cannot live without influencing others, and others influencing us. Human society is a vast network of reciprocal influences. Every body acts, and is acted upon in turn. Every man helps to mould and fashion the character and destiny of every other man within the sphere of his attractions. It is this power of action and reaction—this reciprocity of moral influences that makes every man, to some extent, his brother's keeper.

I am not made a ruler and an overseer over my brother's household, or over his business. I am not responsible for the preservation of his health, or the integrity of his estate. These must depend upon himself, and on the great general laws over which I have no control. I have nothing to do with them. But I am responsible for the influence I may exercise over the health of his soul—of making or marring his condition in that vast and solemn future that lies in its awful stillness before us. I am responsible for the good or bad I have taught him, by my example, my conversation, and my daily walk and life. I am responsible too, for whatever of evil in his person, character, or estate, he may have suffered directly or indirectly from me, through the instrumentality of others.

I shall endeavor to unfold these views of human relationship and responsibility.

I. And first: I remark that this law of spiritual influences—this reciprocity of action and reaction in the moral world is universal. It is an admitted law in the psychology of our spiritual nature, as certain and invariable in its workings as the laws of matter and motion in the material world. Every effort of the mind we put forth has in it an energy which may be felt by other minds, numbers without number, reproducing itself in endless and ever widening circles of action.

There is a moulding process going forward in churches, in families, in schools, in all the busy places of trade and commerce, in the very streets—a play of moral affinities between mind and mind, and heart and heart, invisible, it is true, as the affinities that preside over chemical changes and phenomena, but equally sure in working out its legitimate results. When I throw a stone into a quiet lake, it produces a series of concentric circles, widening

as they depart from the centre, until the disturbing force seems lost or spent by the resistance of the water. But when I can no longer detect these circles, is that force spent or annihilated? No such thing. Feeble as it seems, it goes on and on to increase the momentum of the waters of the lake. This is intelligibly and plainly illustrated by that law in physics, entitled the hydrostatic paradox, according to which, any force, however small, impressed upon any confined mass of water, however large, is communicated to every drop in that entire mass, each acting and reacting on each until the whole is in motion. You lay your hand on ocean. Its pressure affects every drop of that world of waters. You wave your hand in the air—that motion disturbs the entire atmospheric mass. True, you are not conscious it is so. You cannot see these wavelets or circles. They are no objects of your senses, but where the senses fail to aid you, you can bring the higher instruments of analysis and enquiry to their assistance—instruments which exhibit to us results both wonderful and impressive.

A distinguished savant in making experiments on the Lake of Geneva, for telegraphic purposes, found that the blow of the hammer of a bell, struck under water, put in motion the entire water of the Lake, a weight equivalent to three hundred thousand millions of pounds of water, every drop of which moved in its turn—each acting and reacting on the other, and that too with an energy sufficient to affect a thin iron plate connected with his instrument, on the other side of the lake, a distance of twenty-seven miles, and so as to cause it to sound.

Indeed, if the doctrine of permanent impressions, as expounded by the author of the Ninth Bridgewater Treatise, be true, every impulse communicated by a man's hand to the ocean, or the earth; nay, every undulation of the air, occasioned even by his voice, produces a succession of waves which nothing short of the annihilation of matter can stop.

Now, we say a similar law obtains in the statics of the soul. Every man's moral nature presses on every other man's moral nature with a definite intensity. Our actions and influence are not confined simply to those immediately around us. They travel on to infinity. They affect others we have never seen—others who are to live long after we are dead and forgotten by the living.

The liberty, laws, and institutions of this country, are, for example, the results of the thoughts and lives of men we have never seen. We inherit their thoughts. We are what they have made us as a nation. The same too may be said of the youth of a family, of a school, and of a neighborhood. Their characters, attainments, and conduct are, to a large extent, the worked-out results of the companions and circumstances with which they are surrounded. And what is true in this limited case is true the world over. The words spoken by a man in a public lecture room or

the newspaper paragraph he indites, may affect hundreds of minds in China, in India, in Africa, or the Isles of the Sea. It may set in train a series of actions that will travel on, and on, and on, for ever! It is this that invests a man's actions and character with a significance both awing and limitless. This truth, indeed, sometimes stands out before the world's eye in gigantic proportions. Every age produces some master mind—some man "in shape and gesture proudly eminent," influencing for good or evil the destinies of millions of his race. Moses for example was one of these men.

And when the imagination stretches itself away back into the shadows of the past, that venerable sage, standing with his rod by the rock of Horeb, or coming down the rugged steeps of Sinai to the congregated hosts of Israel, amid the awful thunderings and lightnings, and the still more awful trumpet voices that accompanied the delivery of the moral law—that venerable sage is the most commanding figure which the past presents to the mind's eye—a prophet, a warrior, a poet, a legislator—the only man of all our race that talked with God, as friend talks with friend—a teacher of religion, who though dead, still speaks to us of chaos, and creation, and the world wide flood, that swept away the elder brothers of our race.

Hume was another of those men that have "towered with Atlantean shoulders" far above their fellows. But he stood among them as the fabled Java tree, beneath whose shadow no creature can live, and round and about which the bones of the dead lie bleaching in the sun-light. Those irreligious trains of thought he set in motion, are drifting, and will drift for ever, through thousands of minds in many lands, peopling them with spectred doubts and deep fixed scepticism. The man may die out of the memory of men, but the trains of thought he has originated and set in action, possess a vitality and a momentum coördinate with his being. And every man is, in his place, a Hume or a Moses to some other man—a guide to the better world, or the moral Upas—the poisoner and the destroyer of the spiritual health and beauty of some other soul. It is true, the influence one man exerts over another man may not, and does not, always lie open to human observation. Still every man is as a city set upon a hill. He will be observed. He will be imitated by some subaltern or other in the school of good or bad morals. He will model some other mind. He will give to some other mind its peculiar moral physiognomy. And whether we can mark that moulding process or not, it does not escape the burning search of the Omniscient, in adjusting the moral value of the lives of each.

II. The good or the evil a man does lives after him. Each individual, living, self-conscious soul is a centre of moral power, a radiator of spiritual forces, either good or bad; for nothing is

neutral, nothing indifferent, or trivial, which helps to fashion souls and takes hold on the vitalities of our inner life, and thought, and feeling. Go where we may; do what we will; assume whatever style and stamp of character we choose: place ourselves in every possible social condition, high or low, rich or poor, we do throw off from us, and draw after us, and receive upon ourselves in return, trains of influences, which are infinite in their number and consequences, influences which mould and modify character, and therefore determine immortal destinies. The out-worked results of this law we cannot estimate now, either with respect to ourselves or others. Not until the day of the revelation of all secret and hidden things, shall we know the full amount of good or evil, which had its starting point in the moral workings of our own lives, or of the lives of those who made with us the journey of life. We have no means of analysis or observation, by which we can solve the problem.

Now the workings of this law of mutual influences, we cannot evade, because such is the moral and social constitution of our nature. The human soul is so plastic, its susceptibilities so delicate, its sympathies so subtle and acute, that one mind cannot come in contact with another mind, without both giving and receiving influences of some sort or another.

We cannot be thrown into the society of our fellow-men by the calls of business or pleasure; we cannot be united to them by the ties of kindred, and family, and friendship, without leaving our moral mark after us—the godlikeness we have caught by reflection from the life of our Saviour, or the dark shadows and stains which sin, and pride, and passion, have cast upon our moral nature.

This machinery of moral causes, ever in active and unceasing play in forming character, is truly inexplicable and wonderful. The very thoughts that are now rising up and struggling for expression in my own mind—the thoughts, too, that are rising up and drifting through your minds now, in your seats, as you sit here, all calm and unexcited, may produce the most important results on other minds in other ages. Like those rivers that sometimes sink and disappear, running for a time in concealed and under-ground channels, gathering force as they go, and then gush up to the sunlight again in irrepressible fountains of living water, scattering themselves in a thousand directions over fields far away from the place where they disappeared; so may our thoughts and doings this day, and all the days of our lives run under ground, as it were, and come flashing up after long intervals in multiplied and manifold forms of virtue or vice, of beauty or deformity, of worship or impiety.

For example. If under the impulse of a holy and generous thought you do this day make the resolve to live a better and more consistent Christian life, and if you do actually express that

resolution in action, by repressing the uprisings of anger, pride, passion, and every form of sin. If you chasten your spirit into obedience. If you mould your life and conduct after the divine model of the Lord Jesus Christ, then you will set in action through your family and through your neighborhood, unacknowledged it may be, and undiscoverable by human eyes, but spread you will, the vital forces of a godly and spiritual life—forces that are destined to make the pulses of many a soul to beat hopefully and happily with the excitement of devout thoughts; nay, more, that shall make some other soul the spring and source of blessed influences to others, onwards and around, in an endless progression of usefulness and goodness.

You cannot live and die a good man, even in the lowliest and humblest walks of human life, without leaving your moral likeness struck into the memory of some one, who has seen and recognized in you, the beauty and divinity of goodness. Your example shall wake up the aspirations of some other soul, and that shall move another, and that other one shall send the accumulated moral movement on, and on, and on, to some other soul, what soul you know not, I know not. It may be the strong athletic soul of a second Washington, or the earnest and dreamy spirit of some future Bunyan, or the mighty and majestic mind of another Milton, speaking as with the tongue of an Archangel, of chaos, and night, and creation; of man, and sin, and redemption, until he commands the audience and the homage of all nations and of all times. Yes, those very mental and moral characteristics of your life to-morrow, originated and produced by your to-day resolves, may run along the nerves and tissues of a hundred generations, and, for aught you know to the contrary, be worked up into the moral texture of another Washington, or a Bunyan, or a Milton, or a Voltaire, or a Danton, or a Napoleon, or a Robespierre.

My hearers, we are all too inconsiderate here. We think too lightly of our own individual personal influences on each other. The greatly good, the awfully wicked and profane, the powerful, the learned, the wise, the mighty, the rich, we say have influence. But we, *we* are too weak, too insignificant, too busy, while we go the daily round of our obscure and common lives to do either much good or much harm to our fellow men. Our faults and follies will die with us, and our virtues, if we have any, will soon perish out of the history of the race. But it is not so. Each does act alone, and by himself, and powerfully too, in modifying the lives and characters of others. We have, indeed, of late put so much confidence in collected associated efforts for the good of mankind—so accustomed ourselves to the heavy machinery of social benevolent movement in the church and elsewhere, that we have come to regard *this*, as the only lever by which the moral world is to be moved. This is a gigantic error. We all know that the most vigorous public efforts in the direction of virtue and

humanity fail, when the heart and life of the doer are not in them nor in harmony with them. We often see the personal, well known character of an individual exerting a secret influence for mischief and evil, and much more powerfully too than any good influence he can exert, through the instrumentality of the most eloquent and able speeches. We must know that the sentiments that the man utters are the honest expressions of his own moral life before they can influence us. If his life and his precepts are in marked antagonism, he is as a teacher of morals powerless. It is the life and not the lip, the every-day home character and not the stage performances of the man, that go down the deepest into the heart of social life for good or evil. It is not the mere force of collected public effort, but the individual, personal influence, each giving the right tone to these efforts that must regenerate society.

III. But while I say this, I admit that the many associated and in many cases, the well directed labors of societies for the suppression of vice, and the amelioration of human wretchedness are among the boast and glory of the age. One association after another lays about it manfully. This one belabors that vice, and that one some other. Still comparatively little is accomplished. The blows of each tell upon the social wickedness of any given period, nearly as much as the blows of the Geologists' hammer upon the stability of the mountain rock. The error lies here. We are all in too great a hurry to reform others before we have thoroughly reformed ourselves—before we have acquired such a conception of right and duty as will spread itself with a felt omnipresence over the entire field of human responsibility. The world is not to be made morally better by mere associated labor companies, as one would drain a marsh or clear a forest. A work profounder, deeper, and more earnest than all this is needed. Each must be the actor and the subject, the reformer and the reformed, before the great heart of the world can be cleansed. Did every man realize *for himself* that his conduct is not narrowed to the sphere of his individual movements, but that it takes hold on all time, on all place; nay, more, that it passes forward into all the ages of the future, strengthening the moral discipline of some soul, confirming those habits of order, reverence, and self-government, that will fit *that* soul to strike a seraph's harp with a seraph's devotion, or sink it into a deep and yet a lower gulf of misery, thrust in upon its own unhallowed thoughts, and surging passions, amid the hauntings of conscious guilt and the agonies of hopeless despair? Did every man realize this, how soberminded and blameless each would strive to be in his deportment and intercourse with all around him?

Did every man but realize this one solemn truth, My thoughts, my example, my actions, are all indestructible and eternal as my soul—I say, did every man but realize this, our world might blow the trumpet of jubilee for its ransomed captives, and the whole universe of mind break forth into singing and gladness. Then

would every man feel that a stain upon his own or his neighbor's soul was not like a breath stain upon glass, or a finger-stain upon a book—a temporary obscuration of its brightness—an accident that can easily and hastily be remedied, but as a guilt stain and a hurt which nothing can either remove or heal but the power of Redeeming Love, the all-sufficient and cleansing virtue of the blood of the Lamb of Calvary.

Finally, if this be so, and it is a fact every man can easily prove or disprove by his own observations, our human life is not to be gauged merely by great deeds done, or by bold and prominent traits of character. The most effective energies of nature are all noiseless and gentle. The power, for example, that binds atom to atom, and world to world, and wheels the planetary systems of this vast universe in their appointed paths, is yet so gentle as to roll together the dew-drops and poise them each glittering on its own blade of wheat in the sunshine. It is not the fervid heats of the summer sun, nor the loud-voiced winds, nor the heavy rain-storms, nor the electric fires, leaping from cloud to cloud, that carry forward the vast interests of terrestrial life. But it is the low, soft breezes, and the gentle showers, and the warm, kind sun, and the quiet dews that clothe the earth with verdure and fill the habitations of man with plenty and gladness.

Though every man is a teacher to his neighbor, yet it is not the man that wields the thunderbolts of Sinai as a terrorist, that makes the profoundest and widest impressions. It is by the exhibition of a pure Christlike love for man, and for his spiritual interests. It is by the right culture and reform of our own moral and intellectual natures, by the undimmed beauty of our lives, by infusing into the thoughts of others aspirations after goodness and heaven, by scattering around us the seeds of truth and right doing, in the humble, lowly and reverent trust, the good Husbandman and Shepherd of Israel will enable us to gather in our sheaves to the harvests of celestial blessedness with songs of praise and everlasting gladness. This is the kind of teaching that will go down the deepest into the human heart, and evolve from the most abandoned materials of humanity, thoughts, desires and hopes, clothed with celestial beauty. This is the resurrection voice that will start up earthly and stupid slumbering souls with the vital forces of the Christian life burning and glowing within.

What is it that has changed the moral aspect of the Christian world during the last 1800 years? Not simply the great sacrifice on Calvary. But the words of surpassing power uttered on the Mount of Olives—by the banks of the Jordan—by the sea side—in the streets of Jerusalem—by the well of Samaria—at the table of the Pharisee—beneath the sycamore tree at Jericho, and in that sad hour that preceded the scenes of Gethsemane. It is the mysterious energy of these words that has wrought such changes in the moral aspect of the world, and wherever they have been re-

peated, whether on the banks of the Tiber, or of the Thames—of the Hudson or the Ganges, they have become centres of refinement and human progress, and wherever they have been believed in and obeyed, they have excited a new life, even the life of God in the soul. And to cherish these thoughts in our inmost hearts, and to express them truly and lovingly in our actions is the grand mission of our lives. Wherefore let us see to it, that our lives are on the side of right, and goodness, and humanity. It will not do for us to cheer on, and to strengthen by our example and our influence, some weak brother in the direction of a bad habit, or of a wrong way of life, and when he falls a victim in the struggle, to seat ourselves down, and like the old prophet in the bitterness of unavailing regret over the man we have deceived, to say, "*Alas! my Brother.*" And if we are vain, showy, irreverent, unworshipful, lovers of pleasure more than we are lovers of God—hasting after this world's honors as our chief good, we will have our imitators—the diligent disciples of the same school of fashion, or frivolousness, or pleasure, to which we belong. So, too, if we are humane, gentle, spiritual, earnestly, and thoughtfully seeking after the kingdom of God, and its righteousness—if our piety be the free, unstudied outgoings of our hearts—zealous, without being fanatical—reverential, without being superstitious—earnest and constant, without hypocrisy, and guileless, we must from the law of influences we have thus far endeavored to illustrate, make vice abashed in our presence, and the profane, and the abandoned, though we utter not a word, feel, nay, even mourn the loss of virtue, for there is in true goodness, an awfulness and severity of beauty, which claims even the homage of a lost archangel. This power of Moral Influences, is a talent entrusted to us all. It is this that makes every man his brother's keeper—every man the guardian and fashioner of his neighbor's life and manners to a certain extent, and by the right or wrong use of which, we are instrumental in introducing the kingdom of light and life, or the kingdom of darkness and death—spreading around us circles of ever widening, and ever onward influences for good or for bad—dropping into some soul thoughts that will send it upward and heavenward, or cause it to gravitate downwards, and still downwards into abysses of self-shame and moral desolateness.

And now in conclusion, I would say to Young Men—to all who are beginning life's mystic march—you who are to be the example and the guides of the generation that is to follow you—tell me, if the doctrine I have attempted to unfold be true—and no man can disprove it—are there not grave and weighty responsibilities resting on you to be virtuous, upright, sober, right-living, and right-doing men? The youth of any community express the moral state of that community, for intelligence, virtue and goodness. If the heads of families in a community, love order, virtue, piety, and

peace themselves, the youth of the community, generally, will express it by the sobriety of their lives—by their respect for the civil and religious institutions of the land, and above all, by their love of goodness.

Now, whatever the cast and character of the youth may be, that are to rise up, when you have passed off from the scene of action, depends mainly on you. You are to be their instructors, their guides, their moral and religious keepers. Your piety or want of piety; your love of right and goodness, or love of self; your sober-mindedness, or your love of irreverent mirth, will multiply and enlarge itself, and give their moral expression, to the youth that are to come after you. It rests with you to say what it will be—whether it will be the expression of moral beauty, or of moral ugliness. That this must be so from the nature of the social relations is most plain. I will suppose a case for illustration's sake. Suppose a young man is a gambler, a dram drinker, or a swearer. Do not suppose these terms are below the dignity of the Pulpit? Whatever concerns the moral welfare of the youth of a community, that most legitimately belongs to the Preacher, and it is his right to speak—be silent who may. He is not to be a mere man-pleaser, but to warn, rebuke, exhort, instruct, and win to virtue and to God, as God giveth him grace and power.

Well, who made that young man a gambler, a swearer, a drunkard, or an immoral man? Most assuredly his guilt is the result of imitation and companionship. He learned to gamble, and swear, and drink, and be immoral, just as you learned your trades and professions, *from others*—others who taught him, and learned him, and cheered him on, by their example, their sneers at virtue, and piety, and soberness; their irreverence for the Sabbath, for the Scriptures, for the Church. They are just what their models and teachers have made them. Oh! better, if a man has by his influence, his example, or his sneers against virtue and religion—better, I say, for that man, if he knows of any man made a gambler, or an intemperate man—made so by his influence or example, better for him to travel, though it were to the ends of the earth, upon his bare feet, and beseech him to be a new man in Christ Jesus, than to meet that man's face in eternity—a dark soul-ruin, the workmanship of his hands.

Well, indeed, did Paul say to Timothy, “Be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.”

And equally earnest and emphatic are the words of Peter, “Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul, having your conversation honest among the Gentiles; that whereas they speak against you as evil doers, they may by your good works which they shall behold, glorify God in the day of visitation.” Even so may it be. Amen.

ADDRESS

TO

THE YOUNG LADIES

OF THE

Private School

CONDUCTED BY

REV. JOSEPH McKEE AND LADY,

Linden St., Newark, N. J.

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ADDRESS.

TO BE an accomplished and well-read woman is, in the present highly refined state of society not only necessary, but absolutely indispensable. And yet there are acquirements and accomplishments unspeakably more valuable than those that are purely intellectual and ornamental.

As instructors we would be unfaithful to our vocation if we did not seriously remind you of the high moral aim which should quicken all your endeavors after self-culture. You cannot study earnestly and successfully without the uplifting force of motives drawn from a something higher than that which the ordinary schoolroom studies and accomplishments afford. These, indeed, are all important as preparatives towards taking your stations in the world usefully and well. But there are higher aspects of academic culture and training than such as belong to a blackboard or a lexicon. And it is of these higher aspects and relations I wish to speak to you now.

It is pleasant to watch the young mind putting forth its strength—to see the eye outspeaking the glad thoughts of the joyous girl—to witness her love of truth, order, and progress—to meet her here in her classes, day after day, and month after month, the same guileless, teachable, and unaffectedly industrious scholar. In the presence of such a youth I am happy. I am more. I am, for the time, a better being myself, for I see before me one, as yet unmarred by the evils and sorrows of the world, “pure-eyed, and with the clear signet of innocence on her brow.” I cannot but regard her as a quaint writer of the seventeenth century did, a child. “A child,” he says, “is nature’s fresh picture drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. Her soul is yet a white paper, unscrimbled with observations of the world, wherewith it at length becomes a blurred note-book.”

Yes, *she is nature’s fresh picture*. And to keep this picture fresh—to keep this white paper from being blurred—should be the end and aim of all her companionships, studies and amusements. No one can do this for her. She must do it for herself. The chemist, by passing currents of electricity over lettuce seeds on the table of his laboratory, may quicken the growth of a salad, but the growth of virtue and goodness in a human soul no power out of ourselves can quicken. Patient continuance in well-doing, and constant self-government—these are the only force

which can vitalize the seeds of virtue and goodness in the soul, and make the face auroral with beauty. Schools cannot do it. Philosophy cannot do it. God and our own will can alone do it. Whatever therefore you read or study, or endeavor to acquire and make your own, should have this threefold object :

The Improvement of your Mind,
The Improvement of your Manners,
The Improvement of your Heart.

To study without keeping this threefold object before you, is to throw away valuable time. I know young ladies are but too apt to consider the schoolroom rules and duties as something to be endured in obedience to custom—a sort of treadmill drudgery to be submitted to only as a hard road to the liberty they dream awaits them in that world outside its enclosure. But surely this is wrong, all wrong. Your school-days are your days of preparation and discipline for the earnest and practical duties of life. What you are *now*, will determine, in a great measure, what you will be hereafter. The future reaps only that which the present sows. And such every thoughtful young lady will consider her school-life. It is not to her a period of tasks and restraints, but of necessary and healthful effort and self-discipline. She works, because duty and conscience bid her work.

I believe many of you do so consider your duties and relations here. I trust you all desire to prosecute your studies so as to make them answerable to this high end—self-development and self-control in the highest and best sense of these terms. That I may aid you in carrying out this as a fixed resolve, I shall endeavor to show you how your studies may be made to further it. Nothing short of this deserves the name of education, *for it is very possible for a woman to be intelligent, knowing, and accomplished, and yet very badly educated.*

Education is the harmonious development of all the powers and faculties of our nature. When it does not accomplish this; when its aims are one-sided and partial; when it develops and makes strong the intellect only, but neglects or overlooks the heart, the temper, the spiritual life of the mind, it is a distortion, a cruel and unnatural dwarfing of your nature as an intellectual, social and moral being. By attention and effort you can avoid such a misdirection. You have the shaping of your own character largely in your own hands. You have, under God, your own destinies in your own hands. The assistance and instructions of your teachers are but aids and helps. But the work must be your own. Nor is it hard work now. There are, I trust, no bends or twists in any moral affections, which from long habit have grown too compact and stubborn to be straitened out. You are as yet, mouldable into every form of moral and intellectual beauty you may choose. But the shaping and moulding process must, I repeat it, be your own work. Others may assist you. They may guide you in the right direction, but you must

take the steps. If you are to make progress, it is you, yourself, who must go forward. And what a noble sight such a group of youth would be, as large as that before me, united to each other and their teachers, by affable and sympathetic dispositions, each and all intent upon the work of self-improvement—each endeavoring to be good, and to do good to the other—each energetically doing with her whole heart what conscience and duty dictate to be done! What should prevent you, young ladies, from being just such a group, and engaged in the industry and duties before you with just such a spirit?

Do you ask how? Do you really desire to learn how you can make the most of these schoolroom days? If there be but one such inquirer among you, I would say to her, You must not suppose books, and lessons, and hours of instruction are the only means of culture the schoolroom affords. Companionship, and association with each other is an important means of self-improvement or the reverse. The constant and intimate society of those of your own age here, in these seats, in these rooms, and in these classes, may be made the means of cultivating the noblest dispositions and affections of your nature, or of fixing and clenching in it the most selfish and mischievous propensities. It depends on yourself which. If you allow the faults or defects of your companions to disgust you, or their virtues and attainments to excite your envy or your contempt when brought into conflict with your own pride, or self-esteem, or frivolousness, you will make no real progress, though you should recite lessons with the precision of machinery, and never violate a rule of outward order or decorum. Being amiable is not the result of a sudden fancy. A good temper cannot be put on and off as a robe; it must be habitual and natural, the result of practice, culture and womanly self-control. It must be the habit of the mind in its ordinary movements, otherwise it is not amiability. It is a mask, a sham, a false face, worn as an actress wears one when she personates a character. Be it with you all a sacred rule of conduct never to speak ill of another, unless truth and conscience compel you. A noble soul will rather throw the mantle of wide-hearted, all-bearing charity over the faults of others, than magnify them. Neither will she amuse herself at the expense of others, by ridiculing their personal peculiarities, foibles, dress or manners, either in their presence or their absence, nor will she indulge a feeling of contempt or supercilious superiority, when she marks the deficiencies or incapacity of a less gifted mind than her own.

Perhaps you say we place too much stress on amiability and good manners. We do, indeed, place much stress on both. But not too much. They are the outward indices of a good heart, and from the known laws of habit are fair exponents of what the girl shall be, as a woman, at home and in the world. High intellectual culture, aside from the culture of the affections, cannot, in the nature of things, add to your own, or to the positive happiness of those around you. Good temper, patience, self-government and kindness, are to yourselves and

to whatever circle you are hereafter to move in, of higher moment, than though without them you knew all the stars by name, and

“All secrets of the deep, all nature’s works,
Or works of God in heaven, earth or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoyed’st.”

Let a young lady make her daily intercourse with her teachers and classmates the occasions of cultivating the social virtues. Let her be mild and true. Let her be reverent, forgiving, and self-sacrificing. Let her be so habitually, and from principle, and she will learn from the incidents and social intercourse of the schoolroom lessons such as shall fit her to go forth to the full and faithful discharge of her vocation in the family and the world, a good and intelligent woman, when her schoolroom duties and relations are ended.

There is a danger that, while the intellectual powers are plied with books and tasks and lectures, the moral powers may sleep, or stagnate and grow corrupt. I need not stop to point out the specific virtues which your intercourse with each other ought to be the means of unfolding. I shall only say that the schoolroom life of the young woman, whose constant tone and manner is fastidious, selfish, egotistic, opinionated, petulant—with whom her own interests are first and supreme—has, unmistakably, been thus far a failure. She is deficient in that womanly self-distrust and modesty which are the invariable accompaniments of a sound heart and an earnest mind.

I pass on to say a few words on your studies, as instruments of moral culture.

And here I would say, that all well chosen literary studies directly lead us into trains of thought and emotion such, that their reflex influence, if we only allow it, must be on our minds healthful. The culture and discipline of the imagination, by the study of truth, beauty, order, and the heroic in human conduct, is a leading function of the schoolroom. And no course of study will do more towards this than the study of Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Young, Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, and the prose writers of the seventeenth century. In the study of the classic authors of your own language you are bringing your mind into direct intimacy with the best thoughts of some of the most gifted minds of our race. You should read those authors with your pencil in your hand, marking the finest passages for reference and study, and particularly all such as are striking for sublimity, beauty, or truthfulness of thought and expression. In a word, you should endeavor to adopt their thoughts as your thoughts, and to bring your heart and mind into full communion with them, that so yours might beat responsive to the poet’s, when “he wonders, worships, and adores.”

Your studies in History, Chemistry, and Natural Theology, introduce you to fields of thought and inquiry, which will naturally fill your mind with wonder, awe, and a desire to enter into the great temple of nature

to learn something of the mysteries of creation, providence, and life,

"Pious beyond the intention of your thought,
Devout above the meaning of your will."

Even the science of numbers, dry and unexciting as it is usually considered by young ladies, may be made a valuable instrument of discipline and growth in correct moral habits. If any of you find the study perplexing, or tiresome and distasteful, you should at once rouse up all the energies of your will, and by the resolute control of your faculties of attention and memory, accustom yourself to apply your mind to what is needful and useful, no matter how distasteful or unentertaining it may be. By doing this, you learn to make the law of utility and duty paramount. You are *then*, not the imbecile victim of foolish likings or dislikings. You are mistress of yourself. You have learned to control the workings of your own mind, and by voluntary attention to direct it to what is good and useful instead of giving it up to that pitiful dissipation of frivolous thought, which wanders every where, but settles steadily and continuously no where.

It is the union of the useful with the ornamental, the blending of intellectual ease with toil, that lays the foundation for vigor, refinement and worth in after life. And she who has not yet acquired sufficient self-control to study faithfully what is useful, though it be neither entertaining nor agreeable, has not taken even the first step towards the work of self-improvement. Never drop any study because it is difficult or because you do not like it. Keep at it though it be as dry as saw-dust. Keep at it though it be as monotonous and wearisome as the steps of a treadmill. Make it interesting. Be resolute in this. Do not sacrifice to a whim the opportunity of acquiring the invaluable habit of persistence in duty when fancy and inclination fail to urge you on.

It is not unusual for young ladies to give a preference to some one study and to neglect every other. This is, to say the very least, unwise. It gives a mental one-sidedness to the character, which is as unlovely as it is undesirable. I admit it would be all well enough if that branch was to be turned to some pecuniary profit in after life. And yet, such a cent-and-dollar estimate of knowledge is unworthy an ingenuous and noble youth. A quaint writer says, "We fatten a sheep with grass not in order to obtain a crop of hay from his back, but in the hope that he will feed us with mutton and clothe us with wool." So it is with your studies. You do not learn the chemical and mechanical laws of heat to teach you how to boil a pot or roast a sirloin. You do not study algebra and geometry to assist you to prove a proposition in the drawing-room, according to Euclid and Euler. You do not learn history and the moral sciences that you may grapple with man's intellect in the forum and the Senate house. But you do study all these and many other branches of human knowledge, demanding of you patient toil and earnest effort, that so you may have a healthful, active and well-furnished mind—fitted for the exigences of life—for the discovery of truth, and

the intelligent and womanly discharge of all the duties and relations that devolve upon you. It is for this you are under rules of order and industry. It is for this you have regular studies marked out. And she who does not submit gracefully and cheerfully to the drill and labor needed for this end has most lamentably lost sight of her own best and highest interests. Perhaps to most young people, no study is drier than that of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy. And yet it is intensely interesting and practical. It is indeed the study of ourselves—the study of the powers and faculties that make man the minister and interpreter of nature. It comprehends the ultimate issues of all study.

The duty of self-government implies a tolerable acquaintance, at least, with the nature, phenomena and laws of that busy, restless instrument of thought we call the mind. Watch the course of your thoughts five minutes. What trains come and go in panoramic succession. How wonderful it is, that when a certain thought comes into your mind it is followed by others, and others, and others still, trooping after it, you know not from whence or whither. But come and go like pictures on the screen of a magic lantern they do not. They stay with you. They are yours. They are parts of your biography. They do not pass into nothingness and oblivion. You may forget them. But they are there, registered in the mysterious chambers of your brain, not one missing. What visions of fancy! What emotions of gladness! What millions of ideas keep thronging in through your eyes and ears from the earth—from the air—from the sky—from your companions, and from all around you! These are the warp and woof—the materials out of which you are to weave for yourselves robes of life and beauty, or shrouds of darkness and death. It is a royal gift—this gift of life, and thought, and reason! And yet how solemn, gathering itself up, as it assuredly is, for some grander and more majestic life hereafter.

Perhaps these views of self-culture, so often urged on you in your classes, may seem severe and restrictive. It may appear to you, that so much time and effort directed to moral and intellectual culture will leave no time for youthful pleasures and recreations, and no disposition for that free spontaneous life of bounding enjoyment, which is as natural to your period of life, as it is necessary for your health and happiness. Far from it. We recognize the present as the *heyday* of your existence; as a period God has consecrated to animal enjoyment and happiness. We love to see you happy and glad-hearted. We would not damp your natural ardor and joyousness. We would turn it into proper channels. We would direct it towards objects of pursuit, such as shall dignify, adorn and bless your future lives and homes. We regard nothing frivolous or vain which has the tendency to soften, elevate, amuse, ennoble and refine the family and the social circle. And although, as teachers, it becomes our duty to speak to you often of schoolroom specialties, studies, tasks and lessons, we always recognize the necessity for a completer, and more comprehensive and elegant cul-

ture than books and schools can afford. Art, nature, society, travel, all are needed to make a truly educated woman. Nor are the elegancies and amenities of social life, the graces and proprieties of the drawing-room, or the toilette, to be overlooked; though trivial, when compared with the higher graces of the heart and of the mind.

Therefore, in arranging our hours of instruction *here*, from nine to two o'clock, as well as in our programme of daily lessons for your preparation at home, we have distinctly recognized the need of other pursuits than those which engage your attention during school hours. There are other acquirements which your tastes and the customs of polite society render imperative. The elegant arts and accomplishments which adorn modern society, and give perfection and grace of finish to personal character and attainments, should employ much of your time and attention. Superior excellence in these is always desirable, though it is rarely attained. Nor is it ever attained without industry, patience and perseverance, in addition to skill and natural genius.

Music, and the arts of design, have a high moral relation to the great work of self-culture, as I shall endeavor to show you in a subsequent lecture on these subjects.

If your evenings are properly employed in study, under the supervision of your parents, you can easily, without encroaching on the time which ought to be given to the preparation of your lessons, devote the whole or the larger part of every afternoon to piano practice and to exercise in the open air, which is as absolutely essential to your mental improvement and activity, while here, as it is to your physical health and well-being in your after lives.

We have not overlooked this necessity. We urge upon you physical exercise, daily, in the open air, with the weightiest of all arguments, its absolute necessity to the health and well-being of your body, which is the sacred temple of the soul, the house you live in, your dwelling-place of dust, so long as earth shall be your home. Inattention to your own body, an imperfect acquaintance with its laws, structure, and economy, is a serious source of evil. Let me speak to you plainly on this subject. Your body is to be your companion as long as you are on this earth; it deserves, therefore, your utmost care. A large proportion of all the happiness of this life comes to you through the avenues of the senses; and almost all the knowledge you can acquire comes to you through the same. You can, therefore, no more neglect or ill-treat your body with impunity, than you can live without food. There are laws connected with its health and structure you must not disobey. Fashion, it is true, meets you in the very shotblade of your womanhood and she throws over you her enchantments. She bids you wear this cestus—walk thus—use this cosmetic—

“On with the dance,
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.”

But what is the true condition of your compliance? Is it not lassitude, *ennui*, the premature loss of the freshness and beauty of the face, and of the heart perhaps, ill health or a premature grave. God has given to you a perfect ownership over your body. You are free to treat it as you will, but the result of your treatment of it is out of your power; that rests with Him who gave it to you in trust. Food, amusements, and exercise are necessary to its very existence. You have no choice in the matter. You have, indeed, the most perfect control over the quantity of each, but the effect, whether health or disease, depends on conformity to rigid and unalterable law. Excess violates this law, and hence disease in protean shapes. I urge on you then, as you value health, happiness and youth, in a word, your best earthly interests, to practice a vestal purity of heart, out-door exercise, and cheerfulness, as the best of all gymnastics for the development, growth, and maturity of your bodies.

We have great satisfaction in believing you are all desirous of conforming to every rule of right and propriety which the proper organization of the school may require. And as several of the young ladies have desired to learn from us, definitely, their specific duties as scholars, and our views of schoolroom propriety, the following Regulations are appended for their use and convenience. They are not, however, to be regarded by you as laws of inexorable strictness of construction and application. We prefer them to you as simple *requests*. They are addressed to your sense of right and propriety, and the guarantee for their observance is the correctness of your home training, and your reverence for it here. We do not say to you "*you shall*," or "*you shall not*." There is no reward attached to obedience, except our approbation, and that of *your own* consciences. Nor is there any penalty attached to disobedience. We prescribe these rules as a means of self-culture for you, and not to suit our own fastidiousness as disciplinarians. We shall not coerce you. We expect you to be above rule—above all restraint—needing no positive rewards or penalties; your own standard of order, and duty, and work, being higher than any we are disposed to enforce upon you as an external law. We shall not coerce you. There must be a cheerful voluntariness in all you do. It must be so. We speak unaffectedly and truly, when we say *positively* we do not wish to retain among our number, *and shall not*, a single scholar whose habitual manner and disposition needs coercion. Our ideal of what you are to be and to do, is neither impracticable nor too high. We require nothing from you which your own improvement and happiness do not imperatively demand.

We give you these rules at your own request, and to save you the labor of copying them we print them. But we expect you, in aspiration and endeavor, to go beyond all rule. It is not what *we* require, but the high ideal to which *you* aspire, that should be your rule. Be thorough then, in every thing. Aspire after excellence in all you do. Do not mistake

the study of mere high school and academic text books of mathematics, and natural science, for education. Seek a wider, more generous, comprehensive, elegant and womanly culture: one that shall recognize all your needs hereafter—your relations, as a woman, to home, to the family, to society, to the church and the world. You cannot fulfil woman's true vocation without such culture. Woman's sphere is the kitchen, the parlor, the table, the sick-room, the social circle, and the church, and last though not least, the ministrations of sympathy and benevolence to the poor, the sad, the sorrowing, the unfortunate, and the wretched children of this moaning and sorrowing world. God is our father, and he gives you the power, and the privilege to be the ministers of his goodness and mercy to those who are less fortunate and happy than yourselves. Educate yourselves for this high vocation, that, in your turn, you may be the educators and exemplars for others, when your world-work is finally done.

We are by the opening gate of the New Year. Before we meet again the Old Year shall be with the dead. But shall it be to us as though it never had been? Far from it. It will have, to each of us, its re-appearance in the future. The doings of yesterday and to-day, are related to to-morrow. They will meet us again. The phantoms of the departed years—the august processions of days and hours that have swept by us will again pass before us, and they will “look us in the face,” either with an approving or a withering look.

REGULATIONS.

1.—Every member of the School is expected to be present at the calling of the roll in the morning, unless excused by her parents.

2.—During the hours of study and recitation, scholars are required to refrain from all communication with each other by whispering or otherwise.

3.—Excuses for absence from recitation, or want of preparation will not be received unless accompanied by a direct request, (either verbal or written) from parents or guardians.

4.—Every young lady is requested to leave her books, desk and chair, in their proper order when school is dismissed.

5.—Every young lady is expected to conform to the ordinary rules of good breeding—of order, neatness and propriety in the disposition of waste paper—pencil-cuttings—remains of fruit, and refuse of every kind; and to avoid cutting, marking, staining or defacing, in any way, the desks and schoolroom furniture.

6.—Every scholar is expected to speak in a gentle, quiet and subdued tone of voice, both at recitations and in conversation with her schoolmates and teachers; but *always* with a clear, distinct and correct articulation which may be distinctly understood by all.

7.—While it is expected that every young lady will be kind, helpful and obliging to all her classmates, still it is urgently requested not to borrow of each other books, paper, pencils or pens; but each is desired to provide for herself and leave within reach, either upon, or in her desk, every article necessary to the convenient prosecution of her schoolroom duties.

8.—Every young lady will be required to make a thoughtful and conscientious report of her deportment, and general observance of the rules of right and propriety at the close of each day's duties; and when requested she will remain after the dismissal of the school to answer any inquiries her teachers may deem it necessary to make.

9.—The younger pupils of the Third Class are *required* to prepare but *two* lessons at home; but the Young Ladies of the First and Second Classes are expected to decide for themselves with the advice and direction of their parents how much time they ought to devote to study *out* of school; but it is the opinion of the Teachers that it will be found impossible for the older pupils to take a full course of instruction (as the whole five hours during which the school is in session is occupied in tuition) unless there is a willing and cheerful employment of much of their leisure at home in the preparation of the daily lessons.

10.—Every scholar is expected with her teachers to keep a record of her own marks.

11.—Every scholar is requested to keep a copy of these regulations, and read them aloud to the school when she is requested to do so.

MR. MCKEE'S
Address to the Young Ladies
OF THE
PRIVATE SCHOOL,
HALSEY STREET, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

The short period of your emancipation from books and lessons has come.

"For the glad Festival,
Happiest of all,"

Christmas, is here. You are glad. And it is right you should be. The mind, as well as the body, needs rest—periods of repose, when it may reaccumulate its exhausted energies for higher efforts. We sympathize with you, as teachers. *We* need rest.

But before dismissing you, I wish to speak to you a few parting words. And first. In the progress of your recitations you met with few words more meaningful than that little curt, monosyllabic word *Change*. It forms the chief material of History, Physics and Morals.

"Look nature through 'tis revolution all,
All change:"

But over all God is. Law and order in silent, unerring certainty preside as the expression of His will determining results according to certain conditions. Change the conditions, and the character of the results is changed; violate any one of the conditions, and the desired effect fails. You know how true this is of the phenomena of nature. Every experiment in chemistry is of it a demonstration. And the same is true of moral phenomena. Industry, right conduct, benevolence, and the like, are invariably, and by a law, as definite as any law in physics, connected with social respectability and happiness. Ill temper, envy, meanness, secretiveness,—all such traits of character, are invariably, and necessarily, followed by unhappiness, self-reproach, misery, in some shape or other, as the effect follows its cause.

You cannot, indeed, in all cases demonstrate this with the severe exactness you would an algebraic formula or a geometric problem, still you

can predict with wonderful correctness, the probable after-history of most young persons by observing their dominant traits of character. For example.

Two young persons enter the same class at the same time. The one is industrious, gentle, frank—a noble girl. She respects the rights and feelings of all around her. Her influence in the class is soon felt. She sheds on it a moral loveliness that is reflected back again on herself, heightening the beauty of her character still higher. There is a moral magnetism about her, which binds every heart in love and affection to her own.

The other is froward, inconsistent, unambitious. She has no high aim—no grand idea. She is a bundle of bad feelings and moral laziness. She has no love for mental effort, and as little for character in her class. Now from the known laws of mind you predict these two young women will, at the end of their school days, be as different from each other, as light from darkness, or intelligence from pert, shallow self-conceit. The one will be a scholar. The other will have nothing to show as proofs of her industry or progress. She has vitiated the great laws of her own progress.

Schools cannot make scholars. Each young lady is what she makes herself, by obedience or disobedience to the laws of industry, good temper and womanly conduct. It is an egregious mistake to suppose that scholarship can be acquired without effort, earnest and laborious, aye, even at times wearisome. You must work and study and think, and understand for yourselves and by yourselves. Neither knowledge nor mental vigor can be otherwise acquired. If any of you are conscious you are passing through your classes exertionless and uninterested, and yet managing so as to escape censure, let me say to you kindly, and with the best intentions, you can hardly know what a hurt you inflict on yourselves. You dwarf the powers and faculties of your minds. You repress their development. Nor is this all. You deaden, by this ignoble course, the finer and more ingenious sensibilities of your own heart. I tell you all, as I have often told you before, you will never have more serious work before you than you have now. Your work is to learn to think, to improve the mind, and to regulate the heart. And what a noble work it is! No matter in what rank of life you are to move hereafter, your conduct and industry, while in these schoolrooms, will have upon it a solemn bearing. The habits you form, the thoughts you treasure up, the principles by which you govern your intercourse with each other, are all so many elements of your future selves. They fix character; they give to each of you, by an inexorable law, her own individuality.

And here, in this connection, let me say, I design to insist still more

stringently on reviews and analyses of your regular recitations. *Repositio est mater Studiorum.* Very little knowledge is gained by traveling over a country in a steam car. You must travel over it slowly if you wish to be familiar with its scenery, resources and productions. It is the same with a science or a language. To make it thorough work, it must be slow work. Hence I repeat it, I design to insist stringently on reviews and analyses, both written and oral.

I have a word or two to say to you on the subject of written composition. And I say it chiefly for the sake of cheering on the younger members of the classes in this difficult, but most valuable exercise. It is not so much for the sake of what you can originate the exercise is given you, as for the intellectual habits you gain from it. *It is hard*, you say; but that is the very thing that makes it valuable. Plato used to tell the Sophists, who proposed to the Athenian youth a short road to learning, "*good things are hard.*" Yes, it is hard. But habit and experience will soon make it easy. Toil, effort, labor are the rounds of the ladder by which all good is to be climbed up to. When you have acquired the power of expressing yourself fluently and neatly through your pen, you will find it, of all your schoolroom exercises, the most animating.

Again. In the progress of your recitations in History and Literature, it has been often remarked, that the age in which you are now preparing to take your places, as educated women, is an age of intense restlessness and activity. Ovid, you know, speaks of the Golden, Silver, Brazen and Iron Ages. And your histories tell you of the Age of Pericles, the Augustan Age, and the Dark Ages. But the Age we live in is a fearfully Restless Age. Science, literature, art, invention and discovery, are all carried forward with a momentum, grand and awing. And it is into this highly intellectual condition of society you are to enter. A condition in which, all you can, as scholars, acquire of general intelligence and right womanly culture, will be needed.

This intense restlessness will occasion abrupt and multiform changes in families, neighborhoods and stations in life. Riches will concentrate here—will disappear there. And she who is the best educated in heart and mind, will always be the best fitted to grapple with these changes, and make the most of them. She can take her place in society *a perfect woman*, such as Wordsworth describes her:

Nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel light.

You will each, at the appointed time, if life and health be yours, enter

into the joys and sorrows, hopes and fears of the age. You will each have your own solemn destiny of trial, effort, duty, patience, and endeavor to do in it. And next to general intelligence—perhaps I should say *first*—and above it, good temper is the most important element of your future well-being. It is a prime element of social and domestic happiness. The taming of the shrew ought to take place in girlhood. The Xantippe of the schoolroom is likely to be the Xantippe of the household, even though Socrates be at the head of it. The peasantry of a certain kingdom of Europe believe that the smiles of an infant in sleep, are produced by angel visits to the cradle of the innocent babe. What becomes of its innocence and living beauty? Why do not the angel visits continue? What becomes of those smiles, those rainbow hopes, so beautiful in happy childhood and young girlhood? Owing to some cause or other, the dragon teeth are sown. Ostentation sows them, selfishness sows them, pride sows them. The angel in “dim sadness” departs. She comes no more. And she who was beautiful in your eyes as the young Peri of a poet’s dream, has lost almost all that was really loveable.

Now one grand end of your schoolroom training should be to prevent this. Good temper is the true cestus of beauty. It is, I repeat it, the chief element of a woman’s social comfort; and when coupled with good sense, she is fitted, emphatically so, for the great end of her earthly and immortal destiny. To me it has ever been a source of high enjoyment, to see you come in day after day to your classes, cheerful, happy and gentle in your deportment towards each other. One can easily tell from the bearing, the tone, the look, the *morale* of the girl. And when it is right womanly, unstudiedly so, you think of her as you do of Chancer’s Emily.

“Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily.”

She is sunshine. She fills your heart with sunshine. But there is one place of all others, where she is to be as sunshine. It is at home. Some have sunshine everywhere but there, about them. Now, in my mind, an intelligent, cheerful young girl, is the very light and beauty of her father’s house. She is a young sorceeress, a witch, a fairy. Her cheerful, joyous spirit throws an enchantment over all the household. She has found Medea’s secret. She can make her father young again. Her artless, easy, unstudied good-heartedness weave about him a network of charms from which he has no desire to be disentangled.

Such a young woman loves home; it is her paradise. Happy everywhere, she is happiest there. Her brothers, sisters, the members of her own family and her books, are society enough for her. She has no gad-about propensities. She has no dear five hundred friends to whom she is more communicative than she is to her own mother. The compli-

ments paid to her are neither due to her dressmaker nor her milliner. It is not the plumage of *that* joyous creature delights you. The parrot has gaudier feathers than the lark. But who ever heard of a poet singing the praises of pretty poll? The poppy and the tulip are both gaudier than the cowslip or the violet. But you hear nothing of them in Chaucer or Spenser, or Thomson, or Burns, or Wordsworth. They are great flaring blossoms. They might possibly please Hodge for the first time he sees them. And yet Hodge, when he knows them, says they belong to the poppy family. They cannot even charm him.

The women who have left their impression the deepest on the world, and to whom the world turns most gratefully its homage, have been wise and good women, rather learned. They have not been speechmakers from the rostrum, nor leaders of fashion, nor even those who at the time attracted the most attention. Take Octavia and Cleopatra for example, in that fine play of Shakspeare you are about to read. Which of the two is the nobler? They are the very opposites of each other. Cleopatra is a magnificent looking woman, but proud, fickle, fascinating—a queen “*whom everything becomes.*” She is as intellectual as she is beautiful. She speaks seven different languages as fluently as her own. She is *the* character of the play. But how immeasurably inferior in all the attributes of the true woman she is to Octavia, whom she calls “*dull Octavia.*” Indeed, Cleopatra herself admits it, when she tells Antony—

“Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusions, shall acquire no honor
Demuring on me.”

But when history weighs, in its impartial scales, the lives of the two women, then it is that Octavia—virtuous, patient, generous, forgiving—the chastisement of whose “sober eye” Cleopatra dreaded, stands before us as a sister, a wife, a mother, the very impersonation of the noble Roman lady.

But let me, now that I am about it, give you what I think are the highest traits of a young woman’s character—her womanly glory. And first, I mention as the foundation of the whole—Reverence.

And by reverence, I mean an earnest, serious and habitual love of the religious ideas; ideas of God and Christ, and immortality, accompanied with the cheerful hope of life eternal. An irreverent young person is a moral deformity. She is really deficient in the most essential element of womanliness. She must be a stranger to the emotions of wonder, awe and adoring worship.

“The witchery of the soft blue sky”

will not melt into her heart any more than it did into the heart of

Peter Bell, to whom

A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

She loses the luxury of the inspirations of Nature and Grace.

Another element is Benevolence. Benevolence is *bene volens*, wishing well to every creature. It is that feeling of our nature that prompts us to do good to others. It is the sentiment that creates philanthropists—the Howards, Wilberforces, Caroline Fry's, the Miss Dixes, and the Florence Nightingales of the world. It was the most conspicuous trait in our Lord's character. It is among the noblest virtues of christianity. In some persons it develops itself into divine proportions. Victor Hugo, in the *Miserables*, represents the good Bishop of D — as standing in his garden wrapped in thought, as he contemplated a most ungainly spider, and occasionally exclaiming, "Poor thing, it is not your fault." These words demonstrate the dominant mood of the Bishop's life. They let you into its most secret workings. They stamp him a guileless Samaritan—heart, hand, voice; the whole man is consecrated to deeds of glorious humanheartedness. But if in a man it is a grandly-ennobling trait, in a woman it is divine. It lifts her into the realm of ministering angels. Look at her as sister, daughter, wife, mother. How she blesses the household with her noiseless, loving kindness. She is a daily benediction of gladness to every one of its members.

And this is, indeed, what I would have every young lady of these classes, if I could. Beauty is good; learning is good; youth is good. But it is only when combined with the womanly virtues I am now speaking of, that youth, beauty or learning possess the power of attracting and pleasing for any length of time. Without it, learning is pedantry; beauty repulsive, and youth wants its magnetism.

Faith is another element. Faith in what? In that which is spiritual, invisible and everlasting. Faith in God. Without this, life is, at best, a doubtful possession. Its joys and sorrows are about equal. But faith in God, and life eternal as the ultimate of one's being, gives to it an unearthly grandeur. And, indeed, the sorrows of life as well as its joys are all lessons for this end. They are designed to aid us in this, as one of the highest of all our spiritual faculties. The old Romans were so conscious of its value and culture, that they dedicated a temple to Fides. It is Fides—faith, between you and us, that constitutes the bond of school-room happiness. It is Fides—faith binds together the individuals of the State, and constitutes what we call society. Without it schools, families, States, Society, would be impossible. It is the cohesion that keeps society together. It is the affinity that binds the angels to each other, and all to God in profound love and obedience. And now, when your

affections are blossoming out into young womanhood, is the rightful period for its culture.

God, my dear young ladies, is all around us. The trees are His thoughts materialized. The flowers are His smiles. The earth and the heavens are His illuminated missals. But it is only the believing soul knows this, and can say, "*My Father made them all.*" Without this, the outward world is but a dumb panorama of forces, called *Laws of Nature*, and the inner world a joyless realm. Now is the time, by habit and choice, for you to make this faith strong and active. Trust in God; cultivate this trust. It is better than knowledge; better than tongues; tongues shall cease; knowledge shall vanish away. But faith abideth. It must abide. Go where we may, in the infinite and the unknown, the stronger, the purer, and the more abiding our faith in God, the stronger, purer, and more lasting our happiness.

I ask of you, then, the culture of a reverential, benevolent and trustful spirit. I ask this of you not only for your own, but for your country's sake. Its institutions are based on the virtue and intelligence of its people; and you can do much towards the stability of these, its "coignes of vantage." Much, do I say; you can do very much. Your words and wishes ought to be to your brothers as inspirations, and to your country as voices of wisdom and true patriotism. To whom are the grandest revolutions in the history of nations to be traced? By whom did ancient Rome regain her liberties? By whom was the tyranny of the aristocratic Decemviri ended? How did the Plebeians acquire the Consulate? By Roman women—intelligent women. And when the Volscians came thundering to the gates of Rome, demanding its surrender, who saved the city? It was Veturia and Volumnia, and a procession of Roman girls. Montesquieu never uttered truer words than these: *Upon the virtue of the women the safety of the State depends.* Indeed, as Cicero has well said, all the higher and purer of our social affections are included in the love of our country. *Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, propinqui, familiares: sed omnes omnium caritates patria una complexa est.*

Let me then urge upon you the love of home and its duties. Be its light and its ornament. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, your truest, best, and most abiding friends, next to God, are there. Be each of you "the morning light and the evening star" of your families. Let the brightness of your smiles gladden all the household.

We are on the verge of a new epoch of our lives. Before we meet again, this year will have completed its appointed round. It will be with the years of the past. And to say truth, the New Year seems to advance soberly; perhaps I might say frowningly. What it has in the deep hidings of Providence for us, for our land and for the world, none

can tell. Almost all nations mark the outgoing of the Old, and the incoming of the New Year, with observances of one kind or other. Some of them are noisy, some of them foolish, and some of them serious. The ancient Britons put out their fires on the last day of the year, and kindled them the next day from the fires of the sacred altars. The Mahomedans have a strange but impressive tradition, that in the highest heavens there stands a lotus tree, having on it as many names as there are of people in the world. And on each leaf of that tree, the name of some man, or woman, or child. Now on a certain Night, an angel shakes that tree, and the leaves having the names of all who shall die that year, shrivel up, wither, and drop off. It is, indeed, a tradition, a fable, but it is a most impressive fable. The Mahomedans observe that night with great seriousness.

We believe in no such tree. But we do believe in the Lamb's Book of Life. May our names be written on its leaves; and for this end, let us all, scholars and teachers, cultivate a reverent, benevolent, and trustful spirit, as mental and spiritual habits.

TO THE PUPILS OF MR. McKEE,

(CONTRIBUTORS TO HIS MONUMENT FUND.)

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

Deeply sensible of the great kindness which prompted your spontaneous offering to the memory of the lamented dead, I have longed to make some *adequate* response. But the impossibility of seeing each of you *personally*, and the inadequacy of words, even in a personal interview, to express the gratitude I shall always cherish, has suggested to me the idea of printing, for your private use, Mr. McKEE's last Lecture to the First Class, on the closing day of school, the third of last July.

Last things are precious, however ordinary or trivial in themselves. Therefore I believe it will be as gratifying to you to *receive*, as to me to *offer*, in a permanent form, this memento of your *last* day at school; this last relic of the living mind and heart of one whose memory you honor, and wish to perpetuate, as that of a cultivated scholar, a sincere Christian, and an earnest and devoted teacher and friend of the young.

On the receipt of your favor, I forwarded my grateful acknowledgements through your Committee; but owing to the inconvenience of submitting *one* communication to the address of so *many*, it has been suggested that the letter of the Committee, with my response subjoined, should accompany this address, either as preface or appendix. I therefore cheerfully add them, hoping those few leaves may be to us all a memory-mark of pleasant days, in which our mutual labor, as teachers and scholars, was cheered by his living presence in our midst as our Mentor and guide. Labor and Duty still remain to us below. Fruition above is *his*; and the illusions of Youth and Hope for the Future are yet *yours*. For *me*, also remain the sad joys of memory and retrospection. *These*, with mental occupation, and resignation to the will of God, must be my solace.

May I beg you each to accept a copy of the best photographic impression I have been able to secure (though still very unsatisfactory) of that dear familiar face—so *rayonnante* with mind, and thought, and genial feeling, that even marked irregularities of feature could not destroy, to us, its pleasant and attractive beauty.

If any apology be needed for the unfinished character of this address, considered merely as a literary essay, I shall best make it by saying to you, that its clear and truthful thoughts are *diamonds in the rough*; that it was written in great haste and in much physical exhaustion, during the last week of school, and was never amended or transcribed—the original manuscript which was read to you being so illegible that the printer could not decipher it, until after my transcription for his use. I have not dared the sacrilege of changing even a misplaced word, or some inelegant vernacular expressions which his correct and refined taste would never have tolerated had it been written for any other use than that of a common familiar address, such as you were often accustomed to hear.

It was the *last* manuscript he ever wrote, except a short funeral address delivered the day before he was attacked by mortal sickness. *That* was the preparation for his own burial; and as I have often read and re-read it *since* that time, its solemn words seem almost prophetic of the coming event, which *was* even *then* casting its awful shadow before.

“*In Cælo quies*,” was his favorite motto, and dare we repine because the weary soul *rests*—nay, better still, rejoices and exults in tireless action? May the ministry of the Blessed Spirits, emancipated, who go forth on errands of mercy, be *ours*, while we a little longer wait; going often like Mary to the sepulchre to weep there, and repeat our “*requiescat in pace*” over that sacred dust.

Accept, my dear young friends, my cordial thanks, with grateful affection; and believe me ever

Devotedly Yours,

E. D. W. McKEE.

NEWARK, February 2d, 1864.

TO MRS. JOSEPH McKEE.

DEAR MRS. McKEE :

The Pupils of your beloved husband, from the affection they cherish toward his memory, have united to place a monument over his grave. For this end we would bring to-day to yourself the sum which we have collected, as the heartfelt offering of us all. For this purpose we have deposited in the Savings Bank of this city, through Mr. Peter S. Duryee, subject to your direction, the sum of four hundred and sixty-six dollars.

The design and style of the monument we cannot of course assume, and therefore would leave that in your own hands.

We trust, our Dear Teacher, that you will accept our gift and apply it to this purpose. The sad loss which came so bitterly to you, brought sorrow to many hearts. There were ties of affection snapped by the hand of death, whose number may have carried surprise to your heart, mingled with a sad pleasure. But our love we trust Mr. McKEE himself knew, and it will therefore be but a feeble manifestation of our feeling as we offer this tribute of our friendship. We know it will not honor him, but it will be to *us* a satisfaction and a joy. *Such* may it be to you. The cold marble will but faintly express the warmth of our love to the Friend who guided us so faithfully through the paths of earthly wisdom, striving always to point us to the fear of the Lord, as its highest end.

But it may serve to win from the stranger "*the passing tribute of a sigh*," as it speaks of one who lived for Christ, and like his Master made this world *better* by his presence and teaching.

And it will mark the spot where sleeps the dust of him whose counsels will never be forgotten, and whose prayers will, we trust, be answered in our lives here and hereafter.

With our warmest sympathy and love, we are yours affectionately.

MARY W. DURYEE,
MARY H. DARCY,
JENNIE H. ROWLAND,
CORNELIA W. ROWLAND,
KATE V. COLTON,
ISABEL M. FAITOUTE,
ELIZA H. POLHEMUS,
ISABEL VAN ANTWERP,
HARRIET R. POLHEMUS.

Committee representing One Hundred and Two of Mr. McKee's Pupils.

NEWARK, Dec. 18th, 1863.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—

Beloved Pupils: In my heart of hearts I embrace you *all*. I cannot frame in words, or in any customary form of thanks, an expression of what I *feel* and what I would fain say to you each and all, on the receipt last Saturday evening, through the kindness of Mr. Duryee, of your tender and generous tribute to the cherished memory of my beloved dead.

Did propriety admit, I would gladly be *silent*, and trust the quick instincts of your young and generous hearts to imagine all I *feel* on the receipt of this *new* token of your sympathetic kindness, and to believe that from the depths of a full and grateful heart I thank you all. But it must not be *so*. I must speak for him whose earthly lips are sealed. You, my dear girls, appreciated him, for you learned from his daily teachings and example the depth, sensibility and warmth of his noble and generous nature; and none can better comprehend than yourselves how his whole heart would have melted into tenderness and gratitude could he have known of this touching testimonial of your heartfelt love and sorrow.

And does he not? It is perhaps wrong and unwise to indulge one's self, as I often do, in thinking over all the possibilities of our future being, in the vain attempt to conjecture the *WHERE* and the *HOW* of the present existence of that dear departed *one* who was only last year living and toiling in our midst; for we *know*, that the "*dead who die in the Lord are blessed*;" that "*they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them*." His citizenship was in Heaven, even while he yet lived and labored with us on the earth.

It is enough that we are assured of *this*; yet we cannot feel it *wrong* sometimes to *wish*—nay even to *pray*, that *now* and *there*, where he rejoices with joy unspeakable, he may be permitted to know how his memory is cherished as the dearest recollection of the *past* and the sweetest solace of my future life, and to send back sometimes over the deep gulf of separation, which divides *that* land from *ours*, a tender and pitying recollection towards us who remain. Oh! that he might hear you say in the letter which accompanies this free-will offering of your affectionate hearts—"It will mark the spot where sleeps the dust of him whose counsels will never be forgotten, and whose prayers will, we trust, be answered in our lives here and hereafter." You all remember how often it was the burden of his simple and sincere prayer at our morning devotions, that when *we*, your teachers, in the order of Nature should have gone the way of all the earth, the youth who daily assemble in these rooms for instruction may grow up a generation wiser, better, and more accomplished in all the virtues, proprieties and graces of the Christian life than their teachers are.

Behold ! in the spirit which prompted this offering to his memory as a Christian teacher, the fulfillment of his oft-repeated prayer.

With what tender sadness—yet with what solemn joy—will your steps, like mine, in the pleasant spring-time, seek that “*cool quiet nook on the banks of the running stream*”—and that cold monumental marble, will it not be to us instinct with life and feeling and fondest memories? like the stone which Jacob reared when he awoke, and was *afraid*, and said “*how dreadful is this place;*” and yet it had been a Bethel to his soul, where with unsealed spiritual vision, he had seen the angels of God ascending and descending.

Again, my dear young friends, from the bottom of my heart I thank you. More even than by your generous offering for his tomb is my sad heart rejoiced by the truthful and unbiassed testimony you bear to his useful Christian life, when you say “*He lived for Christ, and like his Master made the world better by his presence and his teaching.*”

Permit me to say to you here, what I would say to myself also: Let not our lament for the loved and the lost end only in the idle expression of sentimental regret.

The inspiration of that life and example should rather give us strength and courage for earnest Christian *work*.

That the sacred law of *Duty* and active usefulness, in the several spheres you may hereafter be called to fill, may be the chosen rule of your future lives, is the sincere wish and earnest prayer of your

Devoted Teacher and Friend,

E. D. W. McKEE.

NEWARK, Dec. 24th, 1863.

MR. MCKEE'S
ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG LADIES

OF THE
PRIVATE SCHOOL,
Halsey Street, Newark, New Jersey,

JULY 3d, 1863.

There are two periods in the academic life of every young lady of deeper meaning than as a general fact she realizes. The one is the day when she enters on her studies preparatory to finishing her school-room education: the other is the day she leaves school, emancipated from books and lessons and academic restraints.

During her academic term she is expected to be docile, industrious and womanly—improving, disciplining and widening her moral, intellectual and emotional self, according to the great laws of Right, and Duty, and Truth, fundamental and obligatory over us all.

If she obey these laws, the result is *progress*, self-respect and a high estimate of her character by her teachers and classmates. If she neglect or disobey them, she does not stand simply where she commenced the year. She retrogrades, she stunts, she dwarfs herself, morally and every way. Nor is that *all*. She stunts and dwarfs *others*. The tendency is socially to make others like herself. Hence when the young stranger enters the class-room for the first time, the question naturally springs to the lips of the teachers, “*What will this young lady be during her school-life?*”

And the other question springs equally to the lips, as her teacher parts with her when she closes her school-room duties—What is the influence of this young woman *to be* upon society as a woman?

Now, while I trust your stations in after life will rank high; still, I hope most earnestly, if God gives you all length of days, you will be

women of *large* influence—and that for good. I recollect being struck with the remark of an excellent and good man, “*God said he has sent us into this world for grand ends.*” Assuredly He has; and *one* of those ends is, to *grow* good and to *do* good.

Our *rank* in the world is of unutterably less importance than our influence in it. It is not a woman’s position in society that lives. *That* dies with the woman. The adventitious accidents of birth, wealth, and the like, made it. But her influence lives. It multiplies itself, and is worked up for good or ill in the texture of human society, long after she is dead. Every day’s school-room experience illustrates the philosophy of this truth.

There is a constant and mutual attraction and repulsion of moral forces going on in all schools—invisible, it is true, as the forces presiding over chemical phenomena, but equally as definite and energetic—moulding and shaping your thoughts, and it may be the destiny of many *here* and hereafter. One idler makes another idler. One sarcastic or affected youth makes another sarcastic and affected. One disorderly scholar makes another disorderly scholar. And conversely, one orderly and industrious scholar makes another.

Each, somehow or other, will make her own moral like. It is *this* which invests character—all character—with such serious significance.

Now, it is a bitter thought to live for no grand end. It is a bitter thought to rank as a painted *puppet* in the great human family. But it is a bitterer thought still to act and do so, as to mar the moral loveliness of another.

The bitterness of wormwood is, to a sensitive mind, nothing to the bitterness of the feeling which compels one to say “*I have lived uselessly. I have lived—but not wisely.*” You are indeed too young to know anything of the bitterness springing out of misimproved time. The romance of Youth and Hope is so joyous, you cannot suppose such an experience ever possible in your case. You say, I have learned the lessons assigned me as well as I *could*. I have done all I wished. Indeed, I have done all that I ought reasonably to be expected to have done; or as I have sometimes heard school girls colloquially phrase it—*as well as the rest of the girls.*

But, young ladies, (and I address myself now chiefly to the First Class,) I hope you do not hold any low or unworthy views of your duties as scholars and learners. Let me then ask you, what ought to be expected of you? What ought you to aim at yourselves—especially those of you about to be emancipated from school-room duty? I take it you have all reached that period of young womanhood when you can feel seriously

your relations both to the busy world around you, and to the spiritual world above you. *How* will you live? For *what* will you live? How and in what direction are your endeavors to be put forth? None of you, I trust, are to turn out Miss Flora MacFlimseys. The foundation of true scholarship you have laid, will I hope forbid *that*. Let me then say to you, what I think your chief aim, your highest aspiration, should be. It is all shut up in that one word *useful*. The grandest and most practical lesson man or woman can learn in this world is to be *useful*. It was one of the characteristics of the noblest and purest beings that has ever appeared in our world. *He went about doing good*. And it is really wonderful how early this feeling—this wish—developes itself in a happily constituted child. I love to hear a child say, mamma may I help you? Shall I bring you this? This thoughtfulness for another on whom she sees the cares and responsibilities of the house rest, is exceedingly beautiful in a child towards anybody, but especially towards father and mother. It is a natural desire, it is an instinct; and in children it should be encouraged and nurtured into a *habit*, and grow with their growth.

Use! Use! Use! It is the end of study, of action, of life. Well done good and faithful servant, is pronounced of *use*—the right use of talents, or time, or rank. It is the capital on which we begin *The Life Beyond*. All of good and peace and blessedness hereafter, is but the outgrowth of *use* here, taking that word in its highest and widest sense.

During your regular attendance as scholars, your duties were specific and limited. They were prescribed to you daily. They were assigned you as disciplinary and preparatory efforts, fitting you for the future that is before you. They were designed to call out your powers of patient and continuous attention, and to accustom you to diligent and docile self-endeavor.

But *now* your time is to be your *own*. You are to be mistresses of yourselves. What are you going to do? What are you going to set yourselves about? Life is serious. Woman's lot is on you; and you must prepare yourselves for woman's duties.

It is a woman's nature you are to strive to adorn by womanly virtues and accomplishments. What are those virtues and accomplishments? I will endeavor to answer this briefly; and

FIRST. I say they are *domestic*; emphatically so. The old Greeks sculptured on the tombs of the women who had distinguished themselves for virtue and industry, an owl, a muzzle, and a pair of reins; thus signifying that a woman's best qualities are watchfulness, silence, and precision in guiding her domestic affairs. This was regarded as her rightful sphere of action till the middle of the fifteenth century. Since

then she has had her full share in all the social and intellectual improvements of the age.

And in our own day, we find distinguished women as doctors, ministers and public speakers, and filling offices of trust and power heretofore held by the stronger sex.

Now I cannot but confess I think all such attempts to enter public life unwise. And while I say this, I certainly do not agree with the old Poets, who always associate women with the spindle and the distaff. Far from it. The realm of mind is hers as much as it is man's. And in that realm she has, within this century, achieved glorious triumphs.

But it is in the realm of the affections that her grandest triumphs are to be achieved. The heart is hers. Home is her kingdom. The fireside and the table are hers by right. She is a queen there. And if she have high talent, or genius, or like Mrs. Wordsworth, so quiet and gentle, and yet *strong*, because goodness is her strength, that her whole vocabulary is as Lamb said of her, "*God bless you*," she will rule a wider empire than ever Zenobia did, or the serpent of the Nile did, and have a wider influence for glory, honor and immortality than all the Aspasia and Corinnas of all the ages.

This indeed seems to be true of the most distinguished female writers of our own times. For example, Mrs. Opie teaches the sinfulness of *war* and *falsehood*. Miss Howit, Miss Mitford, Miss Cook, and I may add all the distinguished women of the present time, are in the most earnest sympathy with the poor and the unfortunate. Their works bubble up and run over, with a pure true love for humanity, and a right womanly trust in virtue, and a hoping earnest piety. Nor are literary pursuits inconsistent with the domestic virtues. It does not follow that because a woman is a highly intellectual woman she should be deficient in good housewifery, any more than because a man is a lawyer, or a doctor, or a clergyman, he should neglect his duties as the *head of a household*. Hear what one who has been for centuries called the *Wise Man*, says of the true woman: "Strength and honor are her clothing. She stretches out her hand to the poor. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household. She eateth not the bread of idleness. Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised. Let her own works praise her in the gates."

But I leave this whole subject of domestic duty to your mothers, who will direct you better than I can.

SECOND—While I therefore urge upon you *domestic duties*, I do just as earnestly urge upon you *Intellectual Duties*. Because you have got

rid of lessons and prescribed studies, that does not free you from the duty you owe yourselves, as young women who have laid a fair academic foundation, *to go on*. In fact you are precisely fitted for that. We are really at school all our life-time. In school we can but lay foundations. The building is the afterwork.

Now as I said before, I hope none of you will turn out Flora McFlimseys, whose literature is the novel, whose industry is beau-catching, or the animus of whose life is gossip and sarcasm. You have accomplished here *much*; and much has been accomplished by the school; far more than appears on the surface. Your teachers have done their duty faithfully, fully and conscientiously, neither fearing nor flattering their scholars or the public. If the young people of their class do *well*, they *thank God and take courage*. If they do not, they have the high consciousness they have themselves been faithful to their trust. And hence it is we speak with such perfect unreserve to you when we are disappointed either in your industry or your deportment.

The general industry of the school has, I think, been faithful and continuous during the past year. To say that all the school has made *equal* progress would not be true. Differences of capability, genius, temperament, and even health, create differences of successful study. But all have been as industrious as could reasonably be expected. I have been more than gratified with the interest manifested by the more advanced scholars of the First Class in their classical studies. Three books of Virgil, all Horace, and the best orations of Cicero have been read, in addition to all the other studies of the year. But those who have read Horace should not stop here. You should read "*Cicero's Offices*," "*De Natura Deorum*," and "*The Tusculum Questions*,"—the most valuable manuals of ethics and sound morals in any language.

Your studies in history also ought not to stop with our school course. History is the record of the Divine Providence in the world material and spiritual. History, Geography, Natural Science and Language have a two-fold function to subserve.

The one is the discipline of the Attention and Memory—the inuring of the young mind to habits of active and continuous intellectual effort; and the other is the discovery of the Divine Mind in them *all* as an invisible force, working *by* them, and *through* them, His own vast designs of Wisdom and Progress throughout the universe, and which is indeed the most exalted and ennobling of all studies. Your future readings carried forward with this end, will lift you up into a new realm of thought and faith. It will bring you into communion with the unseen, making the faculties of observation, memory and judgment the

willing instruments of your affections, and God the centre and circumference of all your thoughts.

THIRDLY—I say to you avoid all *affectation*. Affectation of Learning is *pedantry*, and carries its own condemnation. Affectation of Refinement is mawkish weakness. Affectation of Wit is but coxcombrv. Be natural. Be affable. Remember Horace's rule—“*Simplex munditiis.*”

In a word, don't be a “*frivolous woman,*”

“ Whose light head contains
More tongue than wit, more glistening teeth than brains. ”

Don't be a “*strong-minded woman,*”

“ Who, like a steam boiler, holds
Terrific power: most *safe* when most controlled. ”

Nor a “*tattling woman,*”

“ Whose head is full of tales, in confidence
To her related, at some friend's expense ;
Her tongue so swift to execute and mar,
No snake can cast her venom half so far. ”

Nor a “*fashionable woman,*”

“ A creature like a humming-bird arrayed
Of plumes and perfumes, lace and lacings made. ”

In a word don't be a “*soft ;*” don't be a “*cynic ;*” don't be a “*scold.*”
Don't be a “*Mistress Mary, always contrary.*”

What then? Be a *true* woman.

Were your fathers to take my place now in addressing you, would they not say to you something like this: My daughters, you know the right; have the courage to *do* it. You are God's—mind, heart and body are His. Your powers and faculties—intellectual, moral and physical—are all His gifts. Consecrate them to His service. Present them to Him a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable. Walk with Him.

In all the duties, employments and providences of life, cultivate a cheerful, trustful sense of His presence. Be *religious*, but not *Puritanic*; be *pious*, but not *pietistic*. Do what is right—not for expediency, but for its rightness. Let Truth and Hope and Charity be the vitalizing elements of your social and religious life. “Keep your souls pure as the temples of Divine Love.” Let Prayer be with you a constant aspiration rather than a fixed and conventional observance. Let it be the unstudied and reverential expression of Meekness, Patience, Thankfulness and Obedience. It is the *spirit*, it is not the *letter*, that has life. A sigh, a tear, one glad, honest, grateful exclamation of Gratitude or Penitence or Hope, is worth an armful of liturgies when the heart is not in them. Be pure in heart and ye shall see God; and may *his blessing be ever with you and upon you.*

One word more. During the six years the school has been in operation there has been very little serious sickness among its members ; and I have observed that the most industrious scholars have all of them been the healthiest. But one of our number has left us for the Higher School above. She knows more *now* of Life, and Death, and Immortality, than any of us. She loved the Divine Master here, and He called her to Himself. She did not go *alone* and friendless into the Unknown Realm. She had a Saviour there ; Jesus is His name. And that same Friend is your Friend. In His name we do this day thank God for our continued health and lives. How long any of us have to live we know not. God only knows. But while we do live, let us live so that we too, *all* of us, may be fitted to enter the *Great School* of Redeemed Human Souls above, as scholars whose names are written in the "Lamb's Book of Life."

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